

The Gem



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THE GEM

PUBLISHED
BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF
TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

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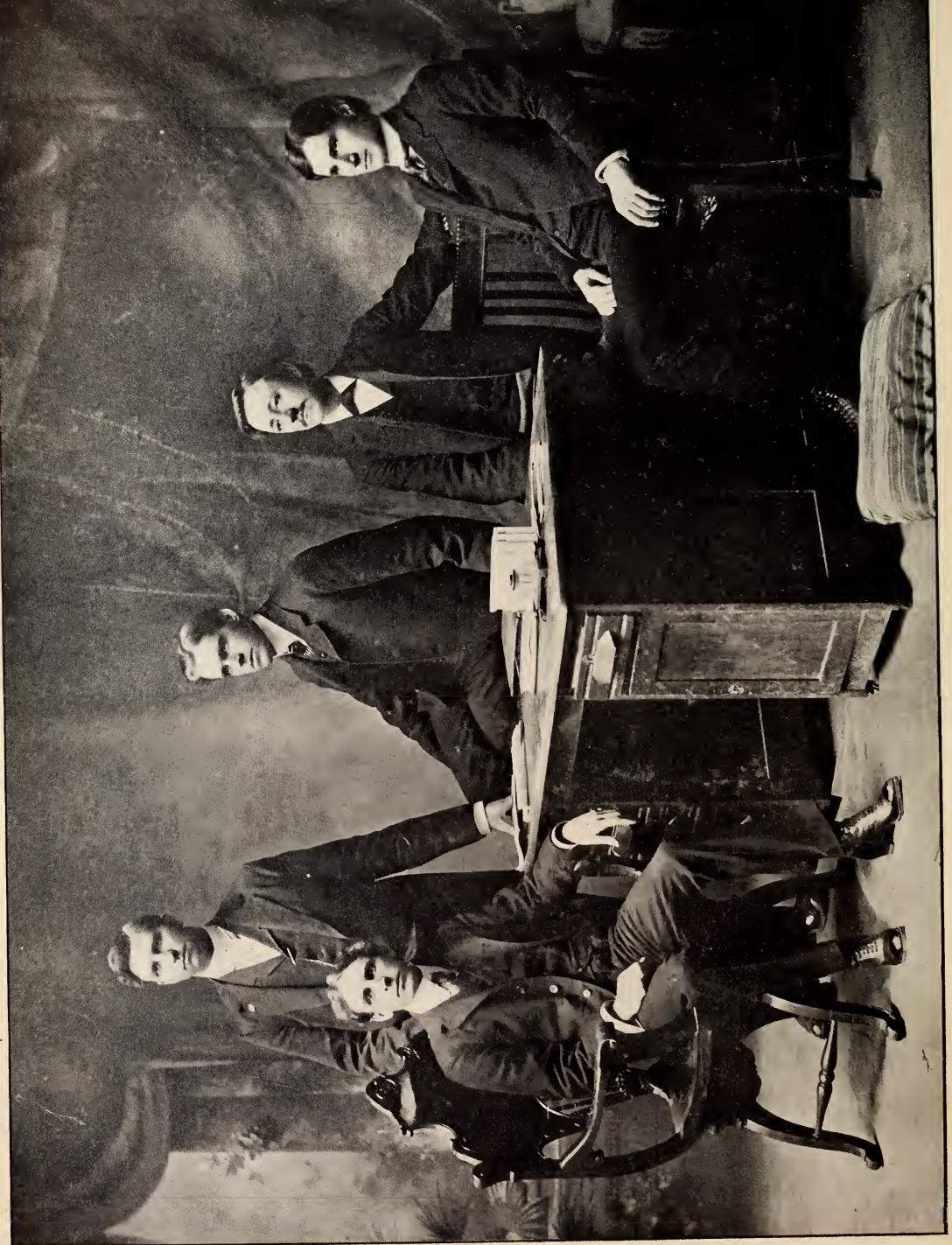
DR. THADDEUS C. READE,

Our Beloved President,

*Who has greatly endeared himself to the students by his
devotion to the Institution, and his zeal for its
interests, and by his solicitude for their
welfare, intellectual, moral and
spiritual, this volume of the*

Gem

is lovingly dedicated.



David T. Duncan.

Editor-in-Chief

Ernest W. Byrke.

Business Manager

Edward S. Underhill

Franklin W. Gress.

Chas. S. Coons.

Associate Editors

EDITORIAL

 O the faculty, trustees, alumni and students of our University, to the college world in general, and to friends of education everywhere, the Class of 1901 presents with pleasure, the present issue of the Gem. The silent but steady evolution of our college management, the wonderful improvements made since the last appearance of the Gem, the magnificent success which has attended all our efforts, the grand prospects for future growth, and above all, the changes yet to be made in order that our University may attain its proper position, we realize are subjects worthy of our highest literary endeavor.

Concerning the nature of the publication which we present for your consideration we deem it necessary to say but little. The "Gem," as an established part of our college literature has become so fixed in its character that the mere mention of the name informs the reader what he is to expect. In this connection we would say that the editors have not considered themselves a self-appointed board of correction, whose duty it is to supervise the general administration of the University, but the purpose of this publication is to bring about a better understanding between the faculty and students on the one hand, and the trustees and alumni on the other.

Many events of importance to the University mark the period that has intervened since the publication of the '98 Gem. The increased attendance at the colleges and universities of this country during the past two years, accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that the desire for an advanced education has been stimulated during the closing years of the nineteenth century by the increasing zeal and earnestness manifested in scientific research; and the general advance observed in all institutions of learning, has nowhere been more manifest than in Taylor University. New theories have been advanced, new methods have been put in operation, and many errors deeply buried under the obsolete investigations of the past have been disclosed. The best methods of teaching—not only giving abundance of facts, but also stimulating the desire for personal research—have been adopted. While Taylor has kept to the front in educational lines, yet the knowledge that an educated intellect alone is detrimental to the possessor and the world in general, unless backed by a character worthy of emulation, has been so riveted upon the minds and hearts of the management of the University, that equal attention is given to the development of the higher, the spiritual nature of her students. As trees are to be judged by their fruits, so colleges must be judged, not by their buildings and equipment, but by the men and women who go out from under the fostering care of their Alma Mater.

While the University has made rapid progress along educational lines, many new improvements have been made in the buildings. The first floor of Maria-Wright Hall, has been finished, furnishing commodius quarters for our Business Department. The Library, which, until recently, occupied a room on the north side of the building, now occupies the old chapel, and chapel services are now conducted in the large and spacious hall which has been completed and furnished by the kindness of friends. A Ladies' Dormitory and Dining Hall have been added to the number of buildings; and on the lots surrounding the campus many new buildings and residences have been erected for the accommodation of the teachers and students.

To write a history of the University would be to record the sorrows and trials, difficulties and cares, in fact, the biography of our beloved President, Dr. Reade. Under his management and care the University has steadily advanced in popularity until it has become recognized as an intellectual centre. His mild, but firm, discipline, his enthusiasm in student affairs, his belief in honor, coupled with his strong administration of the University's affairs have won the love, esteem and confidence of every loyal student. The future of the school is bright, and it is the hope of all that the President may live to see the "child of his care" attain the position he so much desires, not only as a rendevouz of cultivated intellects, but a temple upon whose altars men sacrifice themselves for the cause of others.

In conclusion, to our many friends among the students we would say: If, as we pass around the "compliments of the season," you should be fortunate enough to draw a lucky number, do not raise your voices in condemnation of the editors, and call down on their heads the wrath of the "powers that be," but rather feel thankful that you are a personage of sufficient importance to be thought worthy of notice, remembering that you are not without imperfections, and seeing yourselves as others see you, profit by it, repent and pay penance for the past misdeeds by purchasing extra copies of the Gem.

EDITORS

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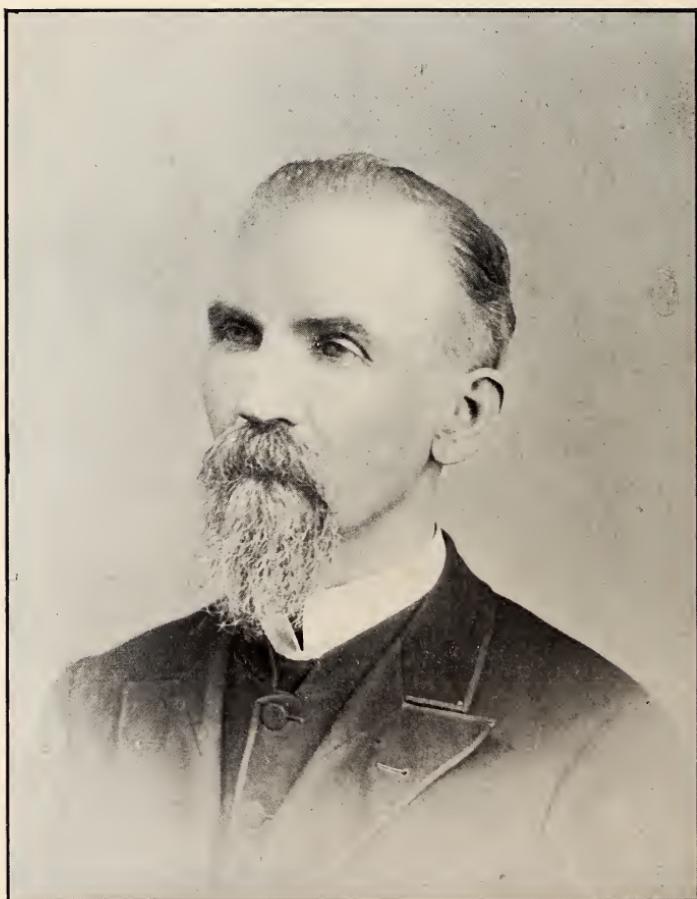
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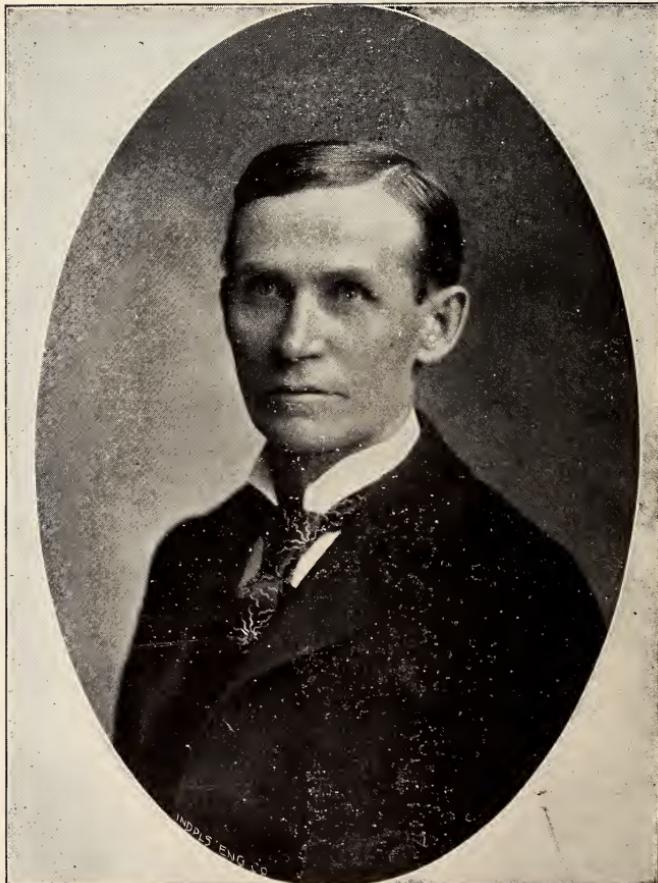
THE FACULTY



THADDEUS C. READE

THADDEUS C. READE, A. B., 1869, A. M., 1872, Ohio Wesleyan University. 1893, D. D. Taylor University. 1870-72 Principal Fairfield Union Academy. 1873, Entered Central Ohio Conference. 1891, Became President of Taylor University.

Dr. Reade is a man possessed of a broad intellect. Master of Latin, Greek, and modern languages, mathematics, philosophy and political science, English literature and oratory. But above all eulogy of rich and varied talents of scholarly attainments, beyond the qualifications of the instructor, the lecturer, the orator molding and directing, giving color and life and form to all, stands a model Christian character. Students, instructors, patrons and citizens, all hope that in the delightful associations, he may continue to preside with his accustomed grace and conduct the institution to a still higher plane of usefulness and prominence.



PROF. CHARLES L. CLIPPINGER

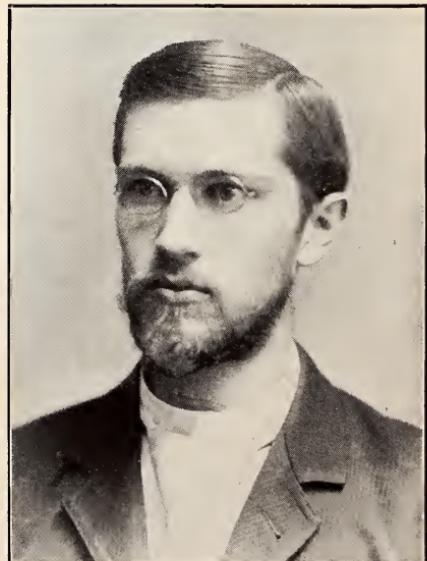
PROF. CHARLES L. CLIPPINGER, A. B., 1871, A. M., 1874, Ohio Wesleyan University. 1895, Ph. D., Taylor University. 1871-72, Principal of the Central Ohio Conference Seminary. 1874-80, Superintendent of Public Schools at Lithopolis, Mount Sterling and Celina, Ohio. 1880-86, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Fort Wayne College. 1886-90, Professor of Mathematics, Pritchett College. 1890-1901, Chicago Public Schools and Dean of Taylor University.

For the last quarter of a century our present Dean has been an important factor in the affairs of the school. Clear, cautious and safe from the moment of his first connection with the University, he has been recognized as a prominent counsellor and adviser. His ability as an executive and administrative officer has been appreciated by all. "Take him for all in all he is a man"—the right man in the right place, and we as students are proud of him.



BURT WILMOT AYRES, B. S., 1898, A. M., 1900, Taylor University. 1884, Graduate Hartford City High School. 1885-88, De Pauw University. 1889-90, Supt. Red Key High School. 1890-92, Supt. Montpelier Schools. 1892, Supt. Warren Schools. 1897, Dean of Normal Dep't. Taylor University. Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy.

MARY SHILLING, 1889-94, studied Elocution, Music and Art, under the best Foreign and American teachers, Canton, O. 1894-96, Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. 1896-98, New York Institute. 1899, Instructor in Elocution, Taylor University.



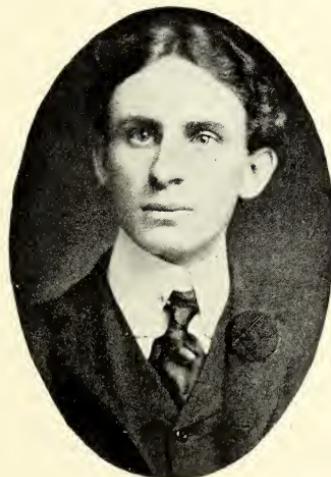
WESLEY N. SPECKMAN, A. B., 1889, A. M., 1898, German Wallace College. Ph. D. 1900, Taylor University. 1889-92, Professor of Mathematics, Philander Smith College. 1892-96, Prof. of German in Blinn Memorial College. 1896-98, Principal of Metropolis High School, Ill. 1899, Prof. of German and Botany, Taylor University.



HARRIET S. MERRIN,
1899, Graduated from
Commercial Department of
Mount Vernon High School,
Ohio. Principal of Commercial
Department.



DAVID S. DUNCAN, 1900, Ph. B.
1901, A. B., Taylor University. In-
structor of History, Taylor University.



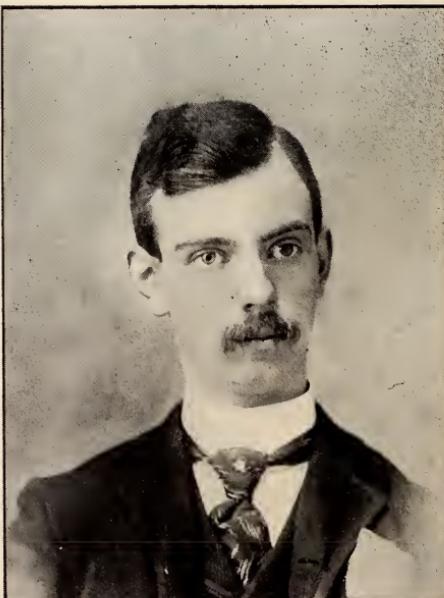
ATLEE PERCY, Graduated
from Schissler College of
Business, Philadelphia. 1900,
Instructor of Commercial Law.





LILLIAN ST. JOHN LEWIS, 1899, B. S., Taylor University. Graduate of Normal School, Portland, Ind. 1888-91, teacher in public schools. 1891-95, Ass't in Albany High School. 1896, Ass't in English in Taylor University. 1899, Professor of English. University Librarian.

EDWARD F. PYNE, 1897, A. B., Ohio Wesleyan University. 1896-1900, Instructor in Latin at O. W. U. Summer School. 1901, Instructor in Taylor University.



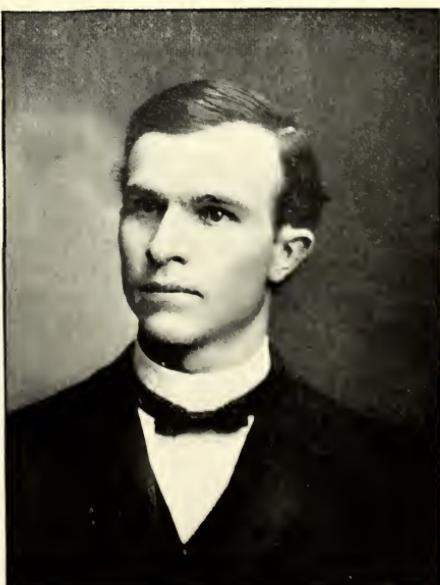
SAMUEL CULPEPPER, 1900, A. B., Taylor University. 1900-1901, Professor of Spanish. 1901, Professor of Latin and Greek, Washington Institute, San Juan, Porto Rico.

ARTEMUS WARD, A. B., 1890,
A. M. 1893, De Pauw University.
1886, Superintendent of Shiloh
High School, Tennessee. 1887-88,
Principal of Chapel Hill Academy,
Chapel Hill, Ga. 1888, joined North-
west Indiana Conference. 1896, Pro-
fessor of Physics, Taylor University.



MABEL K. SEEDS, B. L. 1889,
Ohio Wesleyan University.
1899, A. B., Taylor University. 1890-
93, Ass't Principal Montezuma High
School, Iowa. 1896, Professor Latin,
Taylor University. 1901, published
"Latin Prose Composition."

JOHN H. SHILLING, Ph. B. 1895,
A. B. 1898, A. M. 1899, Ph. D.
1901, Taylor University. B. D. Gam-
mon Theological Seminary. 1896-97,
President Demorest Normal School,
Ga. 1896, Instructor vocal music in
Gammom and Clark University, Atlanta.
1897, Dean of Theological Depart-
ment, Taylor University.





W F. KERNNS, 1898-99, Instructor stringed instruments, Mankato, Minn. Sumner of 1898, Leader of Jackson Lake Band, Amboy, Minn. 1900-01, Instructor of stringed and brass instruments, Taylor University.



E LVA M. KLETZING, 1899, Graduated from North Western College. 1899-1900, Art Institute. 1900, Instructor in Art.



S ADIE E. ELRIGHT, 1889, Graduate Conservatory of Music, Columbus, Ind. 1890-93, Dayton Conservatory of Music. 1896, Professor of Piano and Voice, Taylor University.

JAMES J. DECK, was born in 1860 in Zurich, Switzerland and was reared under the guidance of his father, a clergyman of the Zwinglain church, in the doctrines of the sturdy Swiss Reformer. After completing the courses of common and high schools in his native city, he entered upon and completed the course in the chemical department of the Polytechnic School and then entered an institution for the special training of Christian teachers. While here his love for music led him to visit repeatedly the Catholic church of which his music teacher was organist. This love for music and a penchant for the romantic, which Romanism is so careful to foster, led him at



JAMES J. DECK

the age of nineteen into the communion of that church, and subsequently he found himself in the ranks of the Jesuits and came to America as one of their number. He reviewed and completed his studies in English, Latin and Greek Literature in 1881 and the following two years studied at St. John's College, Frederick, Maryland, after which he passed successfully the searching examination exacted from those members of the order who have completed the three years exclusively devoted to the study of Logic, Metaphysics, Psychology and Ethics. After having given one term to private investigation in quantitative analytical research at the Chemical Laboratory of Har-

vard University, he devoted the following five years to teaching Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, German and French at several Roman Catholic Colleges. Under the guidance and teaching of the Jesuits he then entered upon and completed, at Woodstock College, Howard County, Maryland, which is the house of studies of the Order in the United States, the required course of four years of continuous application to Dogmatic, Moral and Scriptural Theology and the collateral branches of Canon Law and the Latin and Greek Fathers. All these studies according to the invariable custom of the Jesuit Order, were taught and recitations were heard in the Latin Language exclusively; in the final examination also in which every candidate is required, during four hours to answer orally the questions proposed to him "*de univer-
sa Philosophia et Theologia*" by five specially appointed examiners, not one word of the vernacular was allowed; every question was proposed in Latin, every answer was then and there required in Latin. After he had successfully passed this ordeal, he received the ordination to the priesthood at the hands of the then papal delegate, Cardinal Satolli and resumed his teaching career at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. A growing disgust, however, for the exaggerated church worship and mummery exacted by Romanism, doctrinal difficulties concerning the dogmas of the immaculate conception, priestly absolution and papal infallibility, as well as the ever increasing desire for something firmer than the dogmatic *Ipse dixit* of the Catholic Church, induced him to give up his priesthood, separate himself from the Roman Communion, and become a member of the M. E. Church in Washington, D. C. Naturally his co-religionists were put out by this step. Notwithstanding this, however, his former superiors declared officially and in writing that his life as a man, as a teacher and as a priest, had been without fault, that his defection from the Catholic Church was the one error of his life. His teaching career embraced eight years spent at St. Francis Xavier's College, West Sixteenth Street, New York City, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLASS '01

CLASS '01

MOTTO—"Non Nobis Solum."

COLORS—Cardinal and Old Gold.

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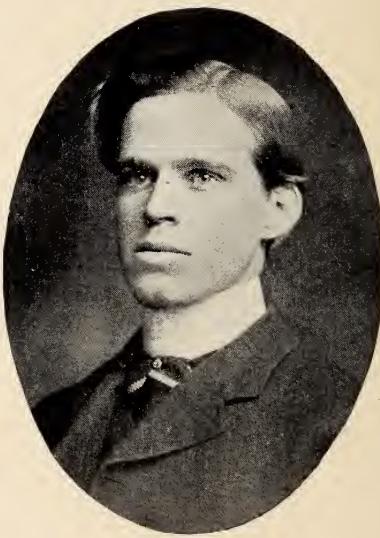
History and Prophesy of the Class of 1901

HO PAGES of our history are yellowed by time. Our record is the brief, bright one of four brief, bright years. The first class in the University to complete a real organization in its Freshman year. We commenced our course with a membership of sixteen, and, although quite a number have dropped from our ranks, their places have been more than repleted and, with pennants and peans, we graduate sixteen strong.

Intellectually our class has been "equaled by few, surpassed by none" that ever left the halls of Taylor. With a just pride we point to the native ability of our classmates, and glancing at the honors won, we assert that that ability has been well used. We point to our musicians and believe that no better ever filled our halls with melody. We point to our moral record which is unblemished and which cannot be justly impeached.

We could not write our history without seeming to praise ourselves, so details omitted, we give that which is vital—*i. e.*—under the fostering care of our instructors we have grown in intellectual and moral strength and go forth to meet the joys and tragedies of life, to engage in sterner work, inspired with the idea of elevating our fellows—well equipped for service and fortified in strength Divine.

Believing that the past is a prophesy—a conditional prophesy—of what we might make of ourselves, we dare to hold back the veil that conceals the future, and with the eyes of a seer, gaze upon ourselves twenty years hence.



Class Prophecy 1901

HEY were seated at one of the smaller tables in the magnificent dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria. The general appearance of both men indicated that each had attained to success and prosperity. They were no longer young men and gray hairs were plentifully sprinkled among the brown and raven locks.

Congress was drawing near the close of its session and Chas. S. Coons, United States Senator from Indiana, had run up to New York on a business errand, and had taken advantage of the opportunity to call on his old friend and classmate, Rev. D. S. Duncan, D. D., who was successfully filling the place once occupied by Dr. Buckley as editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*.

The coffee cups had just been brought in, and the delicious aroma and taste of the beverage, (by contrast perhaps) turned their thoughts and conversation to "old times" and "old friends" at Taylor University, from which they both graduated nearly a quarter of a century before.

"I suppose you see a good deal of Holly nowadays," said Duncan inquiringly. "How does he like being Secretary of State?"

"Likes it famously," replied Senator Coons, "and fills the position remarkably well too. Much of the success of the Prohibition administration is due, I think, to his capable management as the President's chief advisor."

"Glad to hear it," said his friend. "He boomed Ayers' election in great style out in Indiana, didn't he? I always thought Ayres would be President some day. He's a sort of second Abraham Lincoln." The Senator nodded approvingly.

"Heard anything from any of the other boys lately?" he said.

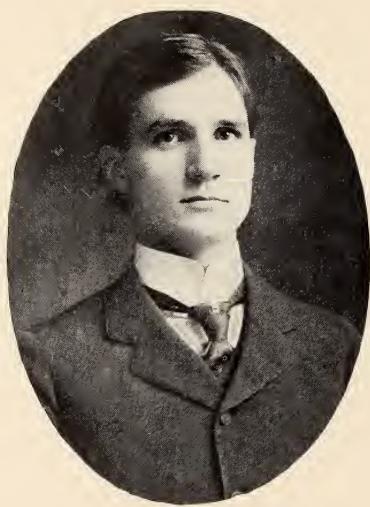
"Yes," Mr. Duncan replied. "Asay's oldest son called at my office the other day. He is a fine fellow,—just the image of his father. He tells me he is reading law with Lenhart & Roberts in Philadelphia."

"Asay is doing well, is he?"

"Oh yes. Has the First M. E. Church in Minneapolis where Rev. J. M. Driver used to hold forth when we were still in school. By the way, what do you think of the outlook for Lenhart in the coming election for Judge of the Supreme Court? He is running on the Prohibition ticket, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I think he will make it. He is a very popular man in his district. He and Roberts seem to be winning both fame and wealth."

"Did you see that notice about Underhill in the *New York World* last week? He is manager of the California Lick Observatory, you know, and



he claims to have received another message from the man in Mars."

"Great fellow, that Underhill. He is surely making his mark. That was a fine little girl he married, too. Did you know her?"

"Yes, I believe I did," the editor replied. "And that reminds me; have you heard anything of Scholl lately?"

"Scholl? Oh yes," said the Senator. "He has a charge down at Atlantic City now."

"That so? Is he still as fond of bathing as he used to be?"

"Yes indeed! Goes in every day as long as the season lasts," and both men laughed heartily.

"Speicher called on me the other day," continued the Senator, "You remember him, don't you? He had come to Washington to attend a meeting of the Church Secretaries. You know he travels in the interest of Sunday School work, is brimful of enthusiasm and can talk about his plans by the hour. Told me he had made a trip through Texas a month or so ago, and had seen Byshe."

"Byshe is President of the Texas Holiness University, isn't he?"

"Yes, and he seems to be making a fine success of it. He always was a good solid fellow. I believe Speicher said that the University enrolled nearly five hundred students at the opening of this year. I tell you, Byshe is a hustler. And, say, Speicher ran across Dean Metcalf way out on the Texas border. He is running a large ranch and having great success. He has a fine family. Two of his daughters expect to enter Taylor, next year. He has that same old red beard but it is a good deal longer now."

The Editor and the Senator both relapsed into a musing silence. It lasted only a few moments however and the Editor's next remark was:

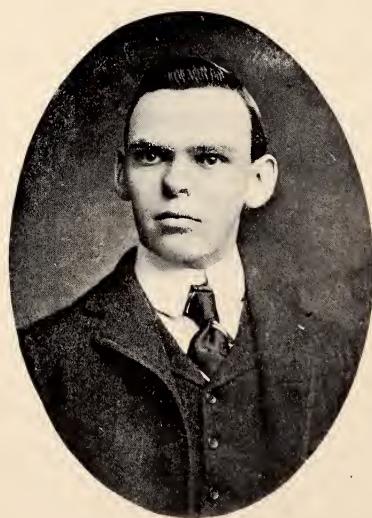
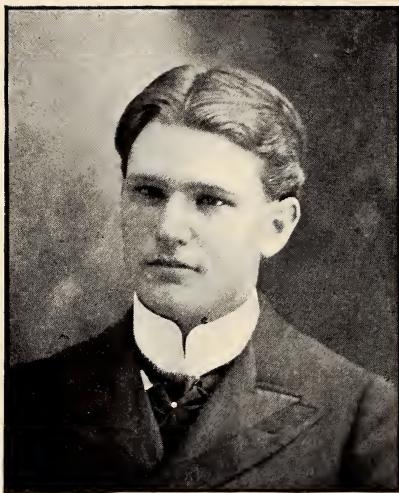
"By the way, there were some girls who graduated with us were there not?" "Yes, three of them. I wonder where they are now?"

"I don't know about Miss Taylor and Miss Wiest," replied the other, "but you know, don't you, that Mary Buck married the present Governor of the Philippines?"

"No! Did she?" and the editor looked surprised and interested.

"Yes. He heard her sing at a concert in Baltimore I believe, and it was a case of love at first sight. They have been married for fifteen years now."

"Lived happily ever after, I suppose," and the Editor smiled, thinking perhaps of his own experience. "Let me see," gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling, "Miss Taylor—I did know about her. Oh, yes," recollecting, "she taught instrumental and vocal music at the New Orleans Conservatory for a while, but she finally married a preacher,—some fellow from Ohio. I forgot



his name just now, but he was at the University the last year we were there."

"And where is Miss Wiest now?"

"She is assistant pastor at Cleveland, Ohio, in the First M. E. Church. Rev. B. H. McCoy, D. D. is pastor there you know. Those two do good work together."

"Say, I had a letter from Ireland the other day. It seems he has recently been appointed Presiding Elder of the Ogden District in Utah."

"Did that fellow ever get married? You remember what an ardent advocate of celibacy he used to be at school. Would argue by the hour to sustain the idea that Paul had never married."

"He was a great fellow. His laugh was enough to disturb the equilibrium of a pope. Yes, he married finally. He must have been on the shady side of forty when it happened. A little girl from Wisconsin captivated him. He seems to wear his bonds very gracefully, however, in spite of his erstwhile prejudices."

"I hear Bishop Eberhart's new book on Systematic Theology is about ready for the press," said the Senator.

"Yes, and it's a fine thing too. I have seen most of the copy. The printers are setting it up now. It will probably take the place of Miley's Theology in most of our Methodist schools. I hear from Eberhart quite often. He is living in Los Angeles now."

"And Gress, where is he?"

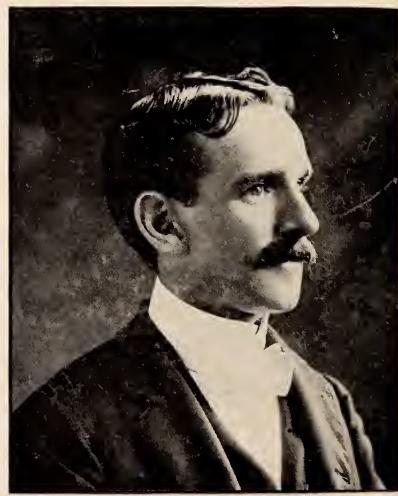
"Had a report from him not long ago" said the Editor. "He and his wife are making a missionary tour of South America at present. He was appointed Superintendent of the South American Missions by the last General Conference."

The coffee cups were empty and the Senator glanced at his watch."

"Whew! Had no idea it was so late," he said rising. "I'll have just time to make my train. Sorry I can't be with you longer, old boy. It renews a fellow's youth to have a chat like this occasionally. Those were rare old days at the University, and we all have reason to be proud of our Alma Mater now."

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Duncan replied. "Who would have thought when we were seniors there, that today Taylor University would be the largest and best equipped school of Methodism west of the Alleghanies. But it's true. Sorry my wife is out of town," he added, "I should like to have taken you up to the house for dinner."

"Thanks. Should have been glad to see her. My regards to her, please. Wish you could see my boy now. He's a son to be proud of, if he is my



own. Well, goodbye," as they reached the street door. "Long life to Taylor University and the class of 1901. Run down to Washington some time and see us all."

"Thank you," said Duncan. "Drop in whenever you can. Goodbye." And the Editor and the Senator each went his way.



Class Poem & Class of 1901

The ages of chivalry and knighthood are over,
 Of tournaments, castles and the alchemist's art ;
The sun of true science approaches the zenith,
 And forces the dark mists of ignorance apart.

The reason of man so long shrouded in darkness,
 Has broken the bands of Error's foul night,
Inventions and buildings have come as by magic,
 And intellect flashes with Truth's gleaming light.

The pages of history are filled with great statesmen,
 With generals, musicians and poets,—not a few,
But now on the stage comes a company of heroes,
 The bright Senior Class of old Taylor U.

The wrecks of the past stand as sentinels to warn them,
 The deeds of the great fill their minds with delight,
And hopes, that the problems of time they will conquer,
 Give courage, and make all their future life bright.

The Greek with its verbs, and the Latin declensions,
 The science of numbers, of History and Art,
All bow to the genius of such brilliant intellects,
 While the mysteries of Chemistry also depart.

No trials nor troubles can cool their devotion,
 No obstacles turn from the path that is true.
Their work is accomplished with views to the future:
 No merit is sought for but that which is due.

The old classic halls of our dear Alma Mater,
 Shall echo the sounds of their voices no more;
The stranger will tread on the spots now held sacred,
 And mock at the rules so much reverenced before.

But high on the walls of the temple of honor,
 The names and the fame of each one will appear
Transcendent in glory, with brightness untarnished
 Of the old Senior Class of the Nineteen-one year.

CLASS '02



CLASS '02

MOTTO—"Esse aut non esse." (To be or not to be.)

COLORS—Steel and Garnet.

CLASS FLOWER—Purple Violet.

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JESSE M. KIGER	Secretary
MINNIE MORTON	Corresponding Sec'y
T. M. HILL	Treasurer
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ARCHIBALD ERICKSSON	Yell Master
GEORGE WOODALL	Sergeant-at-Arms
J. W. RICHEY	Historian
HERBERT BOASE	Prophet
HOWARD G. HASTINGS	Poet

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G. B. STREHL J. W. RICHEY EDWARD C. HARPER

Junior Class History

TN GIVING the history of the Junior Class of 1901, a concise statement of undisputed facts will be indulged without any pretensions of celebrity not won and merited by each individual comprising this august organization. Like the " Magi " of old that hailed from the various parts of the civilized world, the Juniors, with solitary equipage came upon the scene of action at Taylor University and began to astonish the world with their genius and power. The world is ever on the alert that it may avail itself of any marked degree of intellectuality, and has long since recognized the superiority of the Juniors by intrusting them with some of the great problems of life. We have in this class that concentration of mental activity and magnetism which attracts the attention of all and which leads to the commission of momentous and living issues of church and state to their sacred administration.

History is accredited with repeating itself and we scan the horizon of achievement and fame for the returning effulgence of the heroes who have fallen on the gory battle field or moved the emotions of men with magnificent display of statesmanship and oratory, but now you may trust your eyes for you are not gazing upon the mirage of delusion that shall entice your footsteps to the brink of the abyss of confusion, instead, the aurora of hope is blazing forth in these, the very quintessence of history, holding the lighted torch of wisdom aloft for the benefit of the surrounding multitudes. We will not presume upon the future of such a class but will trust that to be secured by the immaculate record of the past. We know there are possibilities for the Freshmen and Sophmores and invite them to emulate the greatness of the preceding classes in the halls of learning. As the Juniors bid farewell to their Alma Mater in 1902, they will pass into the full orb of destiny and soar to the zenith of a success that is possible only to stars of the first magnitude.

HISTORIAN

Prophecy 1902

RAPIDLY, during the past few years, has the world advanced. Yet it needs but little exertion of the imagination for us to see that much greater advancement is possible. Scientists declare they have little more than commenced their search. Theologians, even when they think of their achievements, exclaim: "The ways of God are past finding out." Philanthropists, seeing the needs of their fellowmen, are still looking for those who will not place burdens upon the already over-taxed, but for men who will get under and lift some of the load so that mankind may be freer and happier. The world is looking not for men who are grasping after gold who "take the first places at the tables," but for men who take a position not so much for advancement, but because in it they can do more good; men whose characters are unstained; men who can be trusted in the treasury and whose influence will always be on the side of right and justice. The church is praying for men filled with the love of God and sympathy for humanity, men who will sacrifice themselves, if need be, for the cause of truth and righteousness.

All around us we hear the demand for men of good character, filled with energy, wisdom and love.

We believe the class of 1902 will meet the requirements and will successfully grapple with the problems of life, and when the history of the coming years shall be written many triumphs achieved by its members will be recorded.

As we look into the future we see some explaining phenomena that are today puzzling the minds of scientists; some devoting themselves to education, advancing better methods; others having heeded the call of the State, their voices denouncing oppression, their lives standing rebukes to vice and corruption; some are seen toiling under the burning suns of Africa; some uplifting the banner of the cross in India; others battering down the wall of superstition and prejudice in China; others in some small towns, honored and loved by a people whose hearts have been touched and whose lives have been moulded by their exhortations and examples.

It is as with one voice the class shouts "To be or not to be," meaning that they will perish in the attempt or will be men and women whose lives shall wield an influence for good; men and women whose names shall be synonyms for honesty, courage and goodness.

PROPHET

Class Poem & Class of 1902

In the fertile Indiana,
Where the sky is brightest blue ;
Stands a school upon the highlands,
Widely known as Taylor U.

In the chapel hall assembling,
At the hour of half past eight ;
Come the students by the dozen,
With the Freshmen always late.

Many classes are assembled,
In this hall of Taylor U.
Yet no other class can equal,
Brainy class of nineteen two.

In this noted class are gathered,
Brightest minds from near and far ;
May it ever keep it's station,
Like the shining polar star.

When at last the storm is ended,
And commencement day is here ;
May the class yell of the Juniors,
Sound in tones both loud and clear.

May the classmen still bring honor,
To the noted Junior class ;
After they have left Old Taylor,
As the years of life shall pass.

Let us never bring dishonor,
To our God, or Taylor U ;
Let us live as worthy Juniors,
Ever faithful, brave and true.

And when we have crossed the ocean,
And the harbor has been won ;
May we hear our blessed Master,
Saying unto us, " Well done."

CLASS '03



CLASS '03

MOTTO—"Nil Desperandum."

COLORS—Red and White.

OFFICERS

B. H. MCCOY	President
E. B. FOLTZ	Vice-President
HARRIET S. MERRIN	Recording Secretary
LAURA RICHER	Corresponding Secretary
E. W. SCHARER	Treasurer
H. C. McBRIDE	Prophet
W. J. SICKLE	Poet
S. H. EVAUL	Chaplain
E. J. SCHARER	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Classical Course

HARRIET S. MERRIN

Philosophical Course

B. H. MCCOY	H. C. McBRIDE	C. W. SCHARER
E. B. FOLTZ		S. H. EVAUL

Academic Course

F. E. KIRBY	EARLE V. TOWNSEND
SAMUEL W. METZ	WALTER J. SICKLE
E. E. SWEENEY	ARTHUR E. MEREDITH
PAUL P. TRUITT	J. W. EVAUL
E. J. SCHARER	THADDEUS E. READE
ULISES M. SANABRIA	EMMA READER

Normal Course

CARRIE G. HANKINSON	CHARLES P. KIBBEY	EMMETT ROWAND
LAURA A. RICHER	CLARA L. RICHER	

Latin Theological Course

M. B. GRAHAM	MRS. RETTA A. GRAHAM
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English Theological Course

CHARLES C. VOLZ	CLARENCE D. HICKS	J. C. WOODRUFF
F. G. HILBERS	A. E. WICKLAND	JENNIE KERR

Class History & Class of 1903



THE HISTORY of the class of 1903 may be divided into three periods: the past, the present and the future. The first period is by far the most extensive. It did not begin, as many would suppose, at the time when the present sophomore class first took the rank of freshmen, and because inflated for the first time with classical atmosphere. Its origin dates back to the ancients, when the foundations of our great social institutions were being laid, and when the uncultured and undeveloped mind of man first began to comprehend its possibilities and reach after the infinitude of thought.

Someone has said that every drop of blood which has coursed through noble veins has helped to make our modern civilization. This seems quite true; and it is no less true that all the great thoughts and noble deeds, in all the past have been so converged and so moulded into permanent form as to introduce to the world the class of 1903.

Through all the intricate windings of society, from the times when Olympus was considered the home of the gods, and the sun was Apollo's flaming chariot drawn through the heavens by fiery steeds, even to this, the dawn of the twentieth century civilization, the golden threads of loyalty, integrity, fidelity and wisdom are traceable, which comprise the leading principles and constituent elements of the present Sophomore class.

If anyone will take the trouble to investigate he will find that the past is so inseparably connected with the present by the law of conditioning and conditioned, that it properly belongs to the history of the institution whose existence it has thus made possible.

And so we do not hesitate to claim a record which extends over a period of many centuries, and which has been made glorious by the fadeless characters and immortal deeds of representative men and women, of every clime and age, and who have composed the brightest constellations in the starry vaults of history.

The present period of our existence dates from February, 1901, when the forces which had collected and augmented for ages were formally combined by the organization of all those students who will complete some regular course of study in Taylor University in 1903.

We claim nothing illustrious for the present save the personal greatness of our members. Ours is an untried federation, but we have big hopes and expectations for the future. If we may at all judge by the past, our splendid record certainly prophesies a most brilliant and successful period to follow.

Of this I refrain from speaking for two reasons: First, the future is hidden and I could not speak with certainty. Second, the class has delegated that part of the work to one of more prolific imagination, who will deal with it according to his own fore-knowledge.



Class Prophecy 1903

THIS was a beautiful evening in early June. The soft summer breezes were blowing from off the Mississinnewa. The banquet hall of the Walled-off-Castoria was all aglow with brightly colored lights. Red and white bunting hung from all parts of the room. From behind a huge bank of palms came the soft strains of an Italian orchestra. The occasion is a reunion and banquet of the Class of 1903 of Taylor University.

At precisely 10:30 o'clock we gathered around a table laden with all the delicacies of the season. After having partaken most heartily of the viands, lemonade was served. While we sipped this delightful beverage, the orators of the evening entertained us with their old-time eloquence.

The first speaker was Miss Hattie Merrin, who has been assisting Prof. Culpepper in his Mission School in Porto Rico. Her subject was "The Needs of the Porto Ricans." She was followed by the "Apollo Belvedere" of the Class, Rev. B. H. McCoy, D. D., who was recently made Missionary Bishop to India to succeed Bishop Thoburn, deceased. In most forceful and eloquent language he told of his work in India. Next came an address by General Sickle, of the Salvation Army, on "Slum Work in Chicago." The Misses Richer, who are teaching music in Germany, sang a beautiful ballad entitled, "The Good Old Times We Used to Have at Taylor U." Following this came a piano solo by Dr. U. M. Sanabria, of Porto Rico. We then gathered together in the center of the hall and gave our class yell with all the enthusiasm of former years. Good-byes were said and we dispersed.

The members of the Class present were: Rev. F. E. Kirby, Fiji Islands; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Richmond, Va.; Prof. C. W. Scharer, Leipsic, Germany; Miss Jennie Kerr, Matron Gleaners Home, Upland, Ind.; Prof. C. P. Kibbey, Superintendent Public Instruction, State of Indiana; Hon. E. V. Townsend, U. S. Senator, Philippines; Mrs. . . . nee Reader, California; Rev. S. H. Evaul, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Hon. J. W. Evaul, U. S. Consul, Hong Kong; Mr. Emmett Rowand, Stock Broker, New York; Alderman C. C. Volz, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. . . . nee Hankinson, Frankfort, Ky.; Chief Justice E. E. Sweeney, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. C. Woodruff, A. M. LL. D., Kalamazoo, Michigan; Rev. E. B. Foltz, B. D., Smilingville, Ohio; Rev. C. D. Hicks, Chaplain U. S. Army, Manila; Rev. T. E. Reade, Ph. D., President Taylor University; Attorney-General Metz, Washington, D. C.; Rev. E. J. Scharer, A. M., Alaska; Mr. A. E. Meredith, Architect, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. A. E. Wickland, Building Inspector, Topeka, Kansas; Dr. P. P. Truitt, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. H. C. McBride, Amherst, Va.

PROPHET

Class Poem & Class of 1903

The Class of Nineteen-hundred-three
Is made of grit as you can see :
It is the pride of Taylor U.
And has never met its Waterloo.

We are the people, of course we are,
Nations will praise us from afar ;
And inscribe to us the highest praise,
On which all classes will have to gaze.

The Sophomore class has grit and grace,
For other classes we set the pace ;
And try whatever way they will,
We're always first at the top of the hill.

The Sophomore class has wit and beauty,
And always does her share of duty ;
Although the rest may claim the same,
We're sure on this they're a little lame.

Our motto is " Do not Despair,"
We are aiming for the President's chair ;
For we are bound to rule the State,
And make our country very great.

The stars that shine in heaven so high
Can never pass above the sky ;
But the Sophomore class in its upward flight,
Will leave them behind like ships in the night.

This world may burn and pass away,
And night may turn to endless day ;
But the Class of Nineteen-hundred-three
Will shine through all eternity.

CLASS '04



CLASS '04

MOTTO—“*Energia fatum facit.*”

COLORS—*Gold and Black.*

OFFICERS

ALBERT E. DAY	President
EDGAR B. PALMER	Vice-President
MARGARET C. JAMES	Secretary
E. F. MILLER	Treasurer
J. ROSS WOODRING	Prophet
G. HAZEN CLARK	Poet

MEMBERS

Classical Course

ALBERT DAY	MARGARET C. JAMES
EDWARD F. MILLER	J. H. LEWIS
ALFRED C. SNEAD	J. MELVIN SNEAD

Scientific Course

EDGAR B. PALMER	G. HAZEN CLARK	J. ROSS WOODRING
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Philosophical Course

M. C. FOITZ

Literary Course

ELIZABETH HASTINGS	HELEN JONES
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Latin Theological

W. N. HERRINGTON

English Theological

JAMES NEWCOMBE	MRS. JENNIE KELLER
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Commercial Course

MAY LONG	EDNA QUILLIN
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Class History & *Class of 1904*

ONE NEVER realizes his own insignificance until he sets about some great undertaking. And surely all will agree with the scribe, that, to write the history of the "Class of '04" is a vast undertaking. One does not wish to say too little, and only lack of space could prevent saying too much. One thing—whatever is said, cannot be otherwise than favorable.

The world's "Temple of Fame" is being continually enlarged by noble builders in every occupation, but that will be a noble addition indeed, which the present Freshmen Class of Taylor U. is designing and, God willing, will complete.

Thus far, it is true, the Class has not departed very much from the ordinary college freshman class; neither does the rough diamond differ widely in *appearance* from the ordinary white pebble! Give us time, however, and we will give you results!

"Energy begets destiny." If its destiny is proportional and similar to its energy, then will this Class be truly great! The destiny of these chosen few, bound together by the sacred ties of friendship, and the still closer ones of class brotherhood will be—but who can say what it *will* be, or rather, who *dare* say what it may *not* be, what of good and noble and Christ-like things we may *not* accomplish? In union, we know there is strength; while here we shall work together, and when we separate, as all too soon we must, our influence upon one another shall still remain, and in this unity, this oneness, we will conquer all obstacles before us!

That the "Class of '04" may go down to posterity, noted for its perseverance, steadfastness of purpose, loyalty to all it holds dear, and a successful striving after the right, is the earnest wish and belief of the

HISTORIAN

Class Prophecy 1904

ONE AFTERNOON in June, 1957, as I was strolling along Reade Avenue, viewing the beauties of nature and thinking how I could raise five dollars, I was violently struck on the back of the head with some solid material that caused me to drop with a sickly thud, quite insensible to the ground. After a period of perhaps three hours, the seemingly great pressure began to diminish and I became aware of a slight rocking motion, and suddenly raising my head I found myself in an old boat of ancient build which was being propelled by a venerable gentleman with long flowing white locks and beard and arrayed in a costume somewhat resembling a Roman toga. This gentleman gave his name as Charon, and on my asking where I was going and how and why I got there he said that I was crossing the river Styx into the land of eternal bliss and the reason was, all the members of the '04 Class had arrived and liked it so well and were becoming so famous that they wished me in their midst and had sent Vulcan after me, who, slipping up behind, had hit me in the back of the head with a thunder-bolt, and brought me to the boat. On approaching the shore I perceived a great crowd on the landing, and on disembarking looked into the cause and found Miller surrounded by such men as King Henry V, Cyrus the Great, Caesar, and George Washington. Upon inquiry I found that they were discussing the Silurian Age, and going around among the crowd a little more I discovered Clark trying to take it down in shorthand for the Elysian Fields Press, published by Cain and Columbus. On seeing me Clark dropped his work and rushed at me with open arms, and after a touching meeting he offered to show me over the realm, which offer I accepted and we started down Raines Street, where at the corner of Euclid Avenue we ran into Keller trying to sell Diogones a coat and trousers hanger. We left him and went up to the post-office where we met Snead Brothers, who, as I heard later had just superseded Castor & Pollux. Day was running a school in opposition to Socrates. After proceeding a little farther we met Palmer, who was running a hair dressing establishment, and who told us that Miss Long and Miss Quillen had taken to the woods and joined Diana. We stopped in at Homer's Ice Cream and Soda Parlor, where we found the ever pleasant Miss James clerking, and while waiting for our nectar, Clark told me that Miss Hastings was taking art under Apelles on East Zenophion Street, and he also said that Miss Jones was at that time very busy making out a table of genealogy for Adam, and I could not see her. After a little more chat I slowly went to sleep, and suddenly was disturbed by the thunderous ringing of my alarm clock which said I had ten minutes to get ready for breakfast.

PROPHET

Class Poem ✪ Class of 1904

In the halls of dear old Taylor, where the mind is taught to think,
And the students solves life's problems with the quickness of a wink ;
In these halls of classic learning where true knowledge reigns supreme,
There exists a class of Freshmen, the greatest and wisest ever seen.

The sage old Seniors think they are the greatest that ever can be,
But the greatest of the Seniors know not half so much as we.
The Junior poses as the wisest and the best man of the age,
The Sophomore as the brightest and smartest on life's stage.

The Freshman does not fall an heir to these peculiar ways,
But works and makes the most of life in all his college days.
We Freshmen, though a little green you all may think we are,
Surpass in wisdom, truth and power all other men, by far.

The wisest men and noblest maids that Taylor has today,
Are in the noble Freshman Class, as all good judges say ;
If these things you don't believe and think they are untrue,
Just wait for Nineteen-hundred-four and see what we shall do.

THALONIAN

Photo by Dexheimer



Thalonian Society

MOTTO—“Know Thyself.”

OFFICERS

H. C. McBRIDE	President
G. P. DOUGHERTY	Vice-President
L. GRACE MCVICKER	Recording Secretary
B. H. MCCOY	Corresponding Secretary
MARY C. BUCK	Musical Censor
J. W. BRISCOE	Chaplain
W. C. ASAY	Treasurer
D. C. EBERHART	Critic
ED. PALMER	Editor
S. H. EVALU	Librarian
DEAN METCALF	Sergeant-at-Arms
W. D. BELT	Teller
EDWARD SCHARER	Teller
P. R. TRUIT	Janitor

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DAISY KLINE

B. H. McCovey

F. W. GRESS

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H. H. CONNELLY	W. C. ASAVER
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F. L. SHINN	H. C. McBRIDE
MORTON KLINE	

Thalonian Society



IME and again has history repeated itself in substantiating the assertion that the student who is simply a book-worm is not the greatest benefactor of mankind. A student may be ever so well versed in book lore and very apt in assimilating related ideas as he gleans them from the text and grasps the thought of the writer; but put him before an audience and ask him to give expression to his views, and at once the deficiency of the man becomes apparent. The old adage—"practice makes perfect"—expresses more than half a truth and one so vital in its effects upon the student's subsequent life that he cannot afford to be negligent as to its import.

The jeweler may take a diamond in its crude form, separate it from the foreign substances and reveal the gem; but it is only after it has passed through the polishing process that it shines in its lustre and glitters in its native brilliancy. The analogy holds good with reference to the student just entering college life. His assiduity to studies and increasing aptness to grasp new thoughts will reveal the man; but his intrinsic worth appears only after he has passed through the polishing process afforded by Literary Societies whose prime object is to educate the student in exercising self control and proper deportment before congregations.

A man never knows how little he really knows until he has attempted to tell it before an assembly; so obvious is this truth that it needs no proof for confirmation. The prime object of the Literary Societies of Taylor University thus far organized seems to be to aid her students to improve their educational faculties, elegance of expression, and to present an appearance before the public, showing perfect mastery of self and an attitude at once pleasing and impressive to the hearer.

The Thalonian Literary Society has had its proportionate share of the students of the University, who were desirous of obtaining such an education. Its motto "*Know Thyself*" is the foundation upon which a student must build in order to attain to the highest eminence afforded in this line of education. The Society has had many obstacles to overcome and difficulties to meet, both of which may to some degree be assigned to the fact that the majority of the students attending the college are not able financially to aid the Societies in securing the requisites essential to such a course of training. Nevertheless the Society has been very successful in its work and many a Thalonian has graduated from his course of study which he was pursuing,

and has since his graduation reflected great honor upon the Society for the peculiar training and polish which he received while under its care.

One special feature belonging to the Society work is the parliamentary drill afforded to the members in the regular business sessions. This drill in parliamentary rules is of inestimable value to the professional student and at once prepares him for emergencies in his professional work.

An important departure was made by the Society, and one which promises to be far reaching in its results, the inauguration of a Literary Prize contest open to all the members of the Society. The members entered upon this feature of Society work with some hesitancy, but the first attempt was so successful and its results so far reaching that the Contest will doubtless be permanently incorporated in the literary department. A new impetus has been given to the students engaging in this line of work and the spirit of progress is manifest.

The efficiency of the Society as a literary organization in giving students special training along these lines of education has been such that we can reasonably augur for it a bright future and a permanent place in the University.



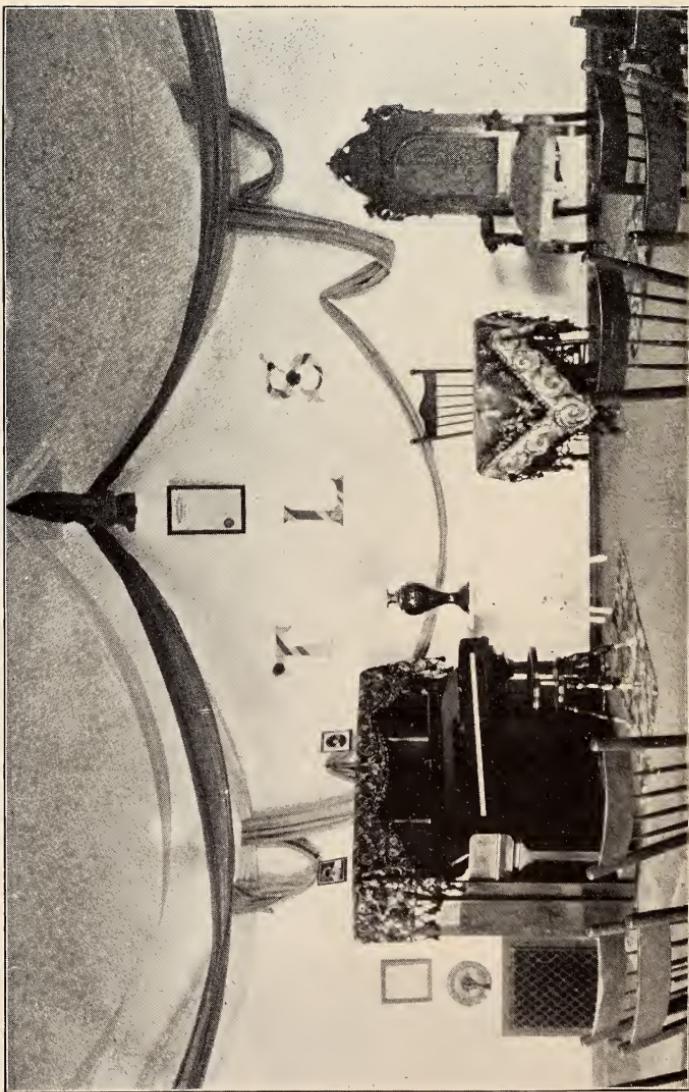


Photo by Dexheimer

"In Memory of the Brave"



E SORROW that since the publication of the last edition of "THE GEM" there has passed from the land of the living one of the greatest heroes of American history: Major General Henry W. Lawton.

General Lawton was born in Ohio, but came early to Indiana. Between 1856 and 1860, he was a student at Fort Wayne Methodist College. It was here that he joined the Thalonian Literary Society. In 1861 having enlisted in response to the first call for volunteers, he was a Sergeant in the Ninth Indiana Volunteers. He served gallantly through the war and was mustered out as Lieutenant Colonel. He immediately joined the regular army with the lowest commissioned rank. He became noted as an Indian fighter, and was repeatedly rewarded by the government for gallant and meritorious service. At the opening of the war with Spain, he was appointed Brigadier General, and later, Major General of Volunteers. He was sent to the Philippines and in that clime, beneath the tropical sun he bravely met the pale rider of the white horse. Seldom has Death's hand dealt more cruel blows. We respect General Lawton as a man, honor him as an American, love him as a Thalonian. His memory will live as long as the tips of the wings of the American Eagle are dampened by the spray of two oceans.



A Reverie

I have read of a wonderful temple,
 Built ages and ages ago ;
So carefully planned and so perfect,
 That no sound of hammering low
Breaks even the sacred silence,
 While the builders come and go.

Only the willing workers
 Bring gifts that are rich and rare,
To lay in this holy temple,
 So stately and grand and fair ;
And none but willing workers
 Are allowed to enter there.

As I read once more the story,
 And pondered the sweet words o'er,
There came to my heart a meaning
 I never had found before—
A new and deeper meaning
 In all this treasure-store.

For you, O Thalonian workers,
 Are building day by day
Within the walls of a temple
 That shall moulder not away,
And the work you now are doing
 Shall last forever and aye.

Your colors undimmed are shining
 In each dawning of the sun ;
Then ever through all your labor
 Let this great purpose run,
That the Master at last may say,
 “Thy work hath been well done.”

PHILALETHEAN



Photo by Dexheimer

Philalethean Literary Society

MOTTO—"Animi imperio corporis servitio utimur."

COLORS—Blue and White.

OFFICERS

E. W. BYSHE	President
H. NICKERSON	Vice-President
MARGARET JAMES	Recording Secretary
ELVA KLETZING	Corresponding Secretary
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T. M. HILL	Chaplain
HERBERT BOASE	Censor
IDA TAYLOR	Chorister
F. W. KERNS	Music Critic
GRACE WIEST	1st Judge
EMMA READER	2nd Judge
HARRIET MERRIN	3rd Judge
A. E. DAY	Sergeant-at-Arms
EARL TOWNSHEND	Ass't Sergeant-at-Arms
A. A. IRELAN	Janitor
D. S. DUNCAN	Editor
A. ERICKSSON	First Assistant
HARRIET MERRIN	Second Assistant

Society History

HE Philalethean Literary Society was organized in Fort Wayne College in the Spring of 1878.

With Dr. W. Yocom as the incoming president of the college, our society launched its bark upon the restless ocean of human activities with the pennant, "*Animi Imperio Corporis Servitio Utimur*," floating from its masthead.

Many very influential men were at its helm and successfully guided it on its voyage from port to port.

When Fort Wayne College came to Upland as Taylor University, the society began anew with a good degree of enthusiasm, which was then and is now, the essence of its high standard and watchword of its achievements.

The success of the society and its great literary attainments have been gained through that spirit of altruism and loyalty inspired by the beautiful emblem of purpose which has not nor ever shall cease to float above our ship which is now within its mooring and will never again be tossed on the waves in midocean.

The hawser lines having been made secure, as a chartered society, we hail the success of the current year as well as the beginning of the new century, rejoicing in the fact of a promising library, and a gavel made from the wood of the Battleship Maine, presented by Rev. L. U. Snead; also a life-size portrait of Dr. Yocom, the founder of the society; and last but not least, a beautiful piano, finished in antique oak, graces our hall. And best of all the society stands financially clear.

We can look the whole world in the face for we owe not any man.

As "Lovers of Truth," it is the paramount aim to hold a lofty grade of morality and to develop the aesthetic taste in nature and art.

Members of this Society have heaped honors upon themselves both in the prize contests and the scholarships of the institution.

The members of the class of 1901 are of more than ordinary talents, the majority of whom are faithful and loyal to the blue and white.

Thus, year after year as the different Alumni come at commencement time for their general reunions, we are proud to narrate to those who have formed the vanguard, of the rapid progress in complete equipment.

In a few years the Society hopes to entertain her Alumni members in a hall all her own, which shall have all necessary conveniences and the member who has been absent for years may return and find himself at home, among the new members as well as the old.

As the soldier on the field of battle has his emotions set on fire through the love for his country and his soul filled with poetry at the sight of "Old Glory" so are they who have marched beneath the blue and white in old T. U.

Thoughts of the past come chasing each other, each demanding recognition and the retrospection is one that will inspire to gallant deeds of chivalry and honor?

From our moored vessel have come those who have gone forth to bless humanity, not only in our land as ministers, lawyers and doctors, but as missionaries and teachers in foreign fields.

Buried in the dust of antiquity are the laurals of those who contended in the arena against gladiator or beast, mingling their blood with the dust and their dying groans with the derisive shout of the rabble; but in the arena of life where the sublime contest of moral courage and national integrity wage war against superficial and frivolous issues, are to be found the rank and file of the Philalethean Society who have fought and won the hidden lore of ennobling contests, securing to themselves the enjoyment of singing with the victorious.

Among our members are found the finest wheat from the trampled harvests of many countries which, having blended with the sturdy Anglo-Saxon race, shall go forth to represent to the world that principle of universal brotherhood, which is characteristic of the Philalethean Literary Society.

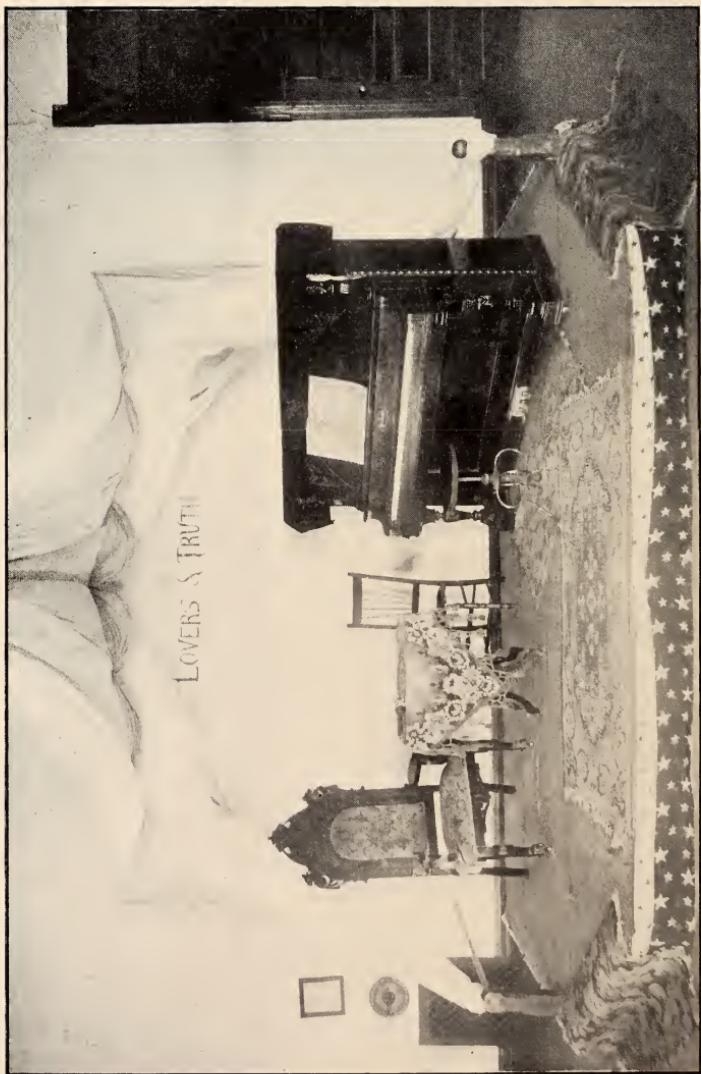


Photo by Dexheimer

"Philalethean Celebrities"



MONG the eminent and renowned personages, who have risen to add splendor and lustre to the Philalethean Literary Society, are to be found those of marked individuality, who are as Beacon Lights in their various environments.

Rev. George Wood Anderson, one of Philo's most loyal members and at one time a teacher in the college, is at present serving as pastor of the Epworth M. E. Church, at Lima, Ohio. Not only is he an excellent minister, but his fame as an orator and lecturer increases with each succeeding year.

Rev. Samuel Culpepper sailed from Venezuela to New York in 1896. He entered school at Taylor University in the same year, receiving the degree of A. B. in 1900. He taught in the University in 1900 and 1901, and in the spring of 1901 sailed for San Juan, Porto Rico, to serve as minister and missionary. During his school term he had many calls to lecture and preach in various prominent churches. Mr. Culpepper was one most loyal to the Society and before his departure, a beautiful gold watch-guard was presented to him as an insignia of appreciation.

Miss Lenora Seeds, a sister of Miss Mabel Seeds, who has taught in the University for several years, is wearing the blue and white as she goes from place to place on her errands of mercy in the Missionary fields of Japan. Her life was full of sunshine, and during her stay and graduation in 1898, all who knew her learned to love her.

Rev. A. J. Whipkey is one whose elocutionary powers have been excelled by no other person in the Society. After graduation he was called to fill a vacancy where he proved himself worthy of the position as pastor of one of our most prominent churches. He is now in the gold fields of Alaska, where he is honored with a most promising pastorate.

There are many others who have proven themselves equally worthy, of whom are : Messrs. S. P. Jamgotchain, R. L. Schrader, G. W. Andrick, E. A. Bunner, E. F. Gates, T. P. Shaffer, L. D. Peoples, D. I. Hower, C. A. Lohnes, together with numerous others we cannot mention here, but who have none the less honored the name and exalted the principles of the "Lovers of Truth."

Lovers of Truth

We love thy ways, oh Truth !
In them we walk by right,
No more from them would we depart
Than darkness would from night.

We love thy ways, oh Truth !
For with the marks of time,
With grandeur, greatness, glory, praise,
Thou art of each sublime.

We love thy ways, oh Truth !
For in thee beauty lies,
The touch that stirs a patriot's blood,
With thee will harmonize.

We love thy ways, oh Truth !
For power in thee is found.
With shackles that no hand can loose,
The force of sin is bound.

We love thy ways, oh Truth !
For at thy just command—
Philalethean that we are—
With Spartan grit will stand.

ORGANIZATIONS

Der Schiller Verein

MOTTO—“Uebung macht den Meister.”

Im Oktober 1900, versammelten sich die Glieder der deutschen Klassen nebst denjenigen, welche Vorliebe fuer die deutsche Sprache haben um einen deutschen Verein zu gruenden.

Der Zweck des Vereins ist das Interesse fuer das Studium der deutschen Sprache zu vermehren und Gelegenheit zu geben sich in dem Gebrauche der Sprache zu ueben. Die Versammlungen werden monatlich gehalten und das Programm, welches in der deutschen Sprache vorgetragen wird, besteht aus Vortrag, Aufsatz, Deklamation, Lesen, Zeitung, Musik und Gesang. Das folgende Programm wurde am Jahrestag von Schillers Geburtstag vorgefuehrt:

*PROGRAMM
des
SCHILLER VEREINS*

Gehalten in der Kapelle, Samstag den 10. Nov. 1900, Morgens 9 Uhr.

Gesang	-	-	-	"Die kleine Kapelle im Thal'
				FRAEULEIN WIEST UND READER, HERREN DOUGHERTY
				UND BRACKNEY
Gottesdienstliche Uebungen	-	-	-	PROFESSOR JAMES J. DECK
Rede des Präsidenten	-	-	-	PROFESSOR W. N. SPECKMANN
Lesen	-	-	-	HERR KARL. W. SCHARER
Solo Gesang	-	-	-	"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht"
				HERR G. B. STREHL
Deklamation	-	-	-	"Die Hoffnung," (Schiller)
				HERR EDUARD J. SCHARER
Deklamation	-	-	-	"Reiters Morgengesang," (Hauff)
				HERR H. SCHWARZKOPF
Solo Gesang	-	-	-	"Die zwei Grenadiere"
				PROFESSOR J. J. DECK
Recitation	-	-	-	"Gretchens Monolog" aus Goethes Faust
				HERR F. W. GRESS
Gesang	-	-	-	"Amerika"
				QUARTETT
				GESCHAEFTSVERSAMMLUNG.

Der Verein hat waehrend des Jahres Schillers und Goethes saemtliche Werke kaeuflich erworben und sie der Bibliothek geschenkt.

Ein "Deutscher Tisch" wurde in dem Kosthause der Universitaet gegründet, an welchem die deutsche Sprache gebraucht wird.

Folgende sind die Beamten des Schiller Vereins:

PROFESSOR W. N. SPECKMANN	Præsident
FRANKLIN W. GRESS	Vize Præsident
FRÆULEIN GRACE WIEST	Sekretærin
KARL S. COONS	Schatzmeister
O. W. BRACKNEY	Zensor
PROFESSOR JAMES J. DECK	Kritiker

Andere Mitglieder sind:

E. B. PALMER	E. S. UNDERHILL	B. H. McCOVY
F. G. HILBERS	FRL. EMMA READER	G. P. DOUGHERTY
CARL W. SCHARER	EDUARD J. SCHARER	FRL. ELVA KLETZING
DEAN METCALF	PROF. J. H. SHILLING	FRAU J. H. SHILLING
FRANCIS KERNIS	PROF. MABEL K. SEEDS	J. W. EVAUL
J. L. SPEICHER	H. SCHWARZKOPF	E. M. SCHOLL
J. O. HOUSE	S. H. EVAUL	ISAAK CASSELL
G. B. STREHL		A. E. DAY.

Sociedad del Espanol

SAMUEL CULPEPPER, President.

PUESTA DEL SOL

 NA tarde de los radiantes dias de Mayo iba subiendo una colina que distaba poco de la costa. Cuando alcanse la cima me sente a recibir la brisa cargada con las aromas de las cercanas flores; esta era la recompensa de los que subian la colina.

El viento soplaba hacia el este llevando lentamente consigo majestuosas nubes blancas. A medida que el sol descendia sobre su arco estas palidas nubes tomaban un color rojiso.

Era tan grande mi satisfaccion al encontrarme tan alto que muchos pensamientos se apoderaron de mi imaginacion. Recorde que Mirabeau, el gran orador frances, el ultimo dia de su vida miro al sol y dijo: "Si ese no es Dios es a lo menos su primo." Estas palabras del patriota frances me inclinaron a mirar al sol que poco le faltaba para ponerse.

Aquellas nubes llenas de gratitud por los ardientes rayos que el sol les habia dado, marchaban hacia su buen amigo para desirle adios, acompanarle hasta el ultimo momento, y a lamentar su partida. Se iba haciendo tarde y el tiempo para el sol ponerse se aproximaba. Las nubes estaban banadas en lagrimas, sus rostros encarnados demonstraban su profunda afliccion, el fondo del firmamento se encontraba tan asul como el mar tras cuyo horison el sol desaparecia. Contemplando estas bellezas de la naturaleza el sol desaprecio de mi vista.

Unos pocos momentos despues de esta esplendida puesta del sol el cielo se quedo casi solo, dos otras esparridas nubes solamente permanecian en el espacio, como el tiempo pasaba tambien su pena pasaba e iban perdiendo su color encendido.

Antes que la noche se acercase aquellas solitarias nubes decidieron marcharse, por temor que la noche las envolviera en su negro manto.

Cuando las nubes desaparecieron no quedo en el firmamento un objeto que llamara mi atencion, en un cielo asul y cereno mis miradas se perdian, las penas de mi alma buscaban un consuelo, y mis pensamientos una solucion. Ya era tarde, la noche se acercaba con paso apresurado, la iglesia del pueblecito que se encontraba en el cercano valle tocaba la oracion, llamando a los fieles para dar gracias a Dios por los favores del dia y recibir su bendicion. Hallabame tan solo que me dispuse a decender la pequena pendiente e ir a la iglesia a ver si en ella encontraba lo que no habia encontrado en la colina, consuelo a mis penas y solucion a mis pensamientos.

The School of Prophets

MOTTO—"Would God that all the Lord's People were Prophets and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them."—Num. xi:29.

OFFICERS

REV. J. H. SHILLING	President
T. M. HILL	Vice-President
E. B. FOLTZ	Recording Secretary
MINNIE MORTON	Corresponding Secretary
GRACE WIEST	Treasurer

From a religious point of view the School of Prophets is undoubtedly the most important society organization connected with Taylor University. It was organized in 1894 by our President, Dr. Reade, for the special purpose of furthering the religious interests of the University and of encouraging Christian activity among the students. The Prophets meet once a month, and the meetings usually include devotional exercises, a business session and a religious literary program.

Nearly all the religious services of the University are under the jurisdiction of the Prophets. By means of various committees, preachers are supplied for the Sunday chapel services, leaders are appointed for the Thursday evening prayer meetings and arrangements are made for ten days or two weeks of special evangelistic services during each term. Street meetings are sometimes held in the village of Upland, and other very practical work is being done in the way of house visitation.

The aim of the Prophets includes a desire to arouse and foster a lively interest in foreign missions among our students, and one of the most flourishing features of the organization is the Missionary Department. A good proportion of the monthly meetings are given up to missionary programs, addresses on the subject by returned missionaries and others are arranged for as often as possible, and several times a year a Sunday afternoon service is devoted to the cause of missions. At such a meeting held during the fall term of this year an offering of \$75.00 was taken for the support and education of two girls, one in Japan and the other in India.

We aim also to afford our members as much opportunity as possible for Christian culture and education, and with this end in view, such political, sociological and religious questions, as ought to be studied and understood

by all preachers and religious teachers, are presented and discussed with much enthusiasm in papers, short talks and debates.

Like all other organizations, the School of Prophets has had difficulties and inconveniences to contend with, discouragements to face and hard work to do, but God has abundantly blessed us. At present we have a membership of about fifty, more than thirty of whom are doing active service in the capacity of officers or on committees.

We believe that our organization was called into existence by the impulse of the Holy Spirit. For this reason, and also because the God who has been with us, will still be with us, we dare to expect a future of prosperity, of usefulness and of power. We labor, we pray, we trust. God does the rest.



G l e e C l u b

F. W. KERNNS—Director

First Tenors

D. S. DUNCAN

F. W. GRESS

J. L. SPEICHER

GEO. WOODALL

Second Tenors

O. W. BRACKNEY

DEAN METCALF

E. F. MILLER

E. M. SCHOLL

First Bass

HOWARD HASTINGS

R. E. POGUE

EARL V. TOWNSHEND

E. S. UNDERHILL

Second Bass

G. P. DOUGHERTY

ARVID JOHSON

A. E. DAY

S. W. METZ

O r c h e s t r a

W. F. KERNNS—Leader

Violins	G. P. DOUGHERTY, J. H. LEWIS
Cornets	HOWARD HASTINGS, CHARLES BISHOP
Clarinet	E. W. BYSHIE
Trombone	ARVID JOHNSON
Piano	U. M. SANABRIA

Philalethean Quartette

GRACE WIEST	Soprano
MRS. W. L. HOLLY	Alto
O. W. BRACKNEY	Tenor
S. W. METZ	Bass
IDA TAYLOR	Accompanist

Thalonian Quartette

F. W. GRESS	First Tenor
R. E. POGUE	Second Tenor
G. P. DOUGHERTY	First Bass
D. C. EBERHART	Second Bass

College Choir

Soprano	GRACE WIEST, IDA TAYLOR
Alto	MRS. W. L. HOLLY, MARY L. BUCK
Tenor	DEAN METCALF, GEORGE WOODALL
Bass	G. P. DOUGHERTY, A. E. DAY

Lecture Course

October 18

"Gladstone, The Man of the Century" REV. J. WESLEY MAXWELL

January 22

"The Hymns We Sing" T. C. READE, D. D.

February 7

"Problems of the Twentieth Century" W. F. OLDHAM, D. D.

April 4

"A Bee in a Whirlwind" G. W. ANDERSON, A. M.

April 5

"Misfits" A. J. FISH, D. D.

April 29

"The Value of a Man" W. P. GEORGE, D. D.

Y E L L S

1904

Hackety, Brackety, Brickety, brew,
Karack, Karack, Karick, Karoo,
Kaflipity flop, Kafloo, Kafloo,
Freshman Class of Taylor U.

1903

Hobble gobble, Razzle dazzle
Zip, Boom, Bah,
Sophomore, Sophomore,
Rah, Rah, Rah.

1902

Kia-ak-a-rak-a-tak,
Hyp-a-lik, hip-a-lak,
Din-a-min-su-sin-ba-roo,
Taylor University, 1902.

1901

Sis Boom Rah, Sis Boom Dun
Taylor U., Taylor U., 1901.

College Yell

Rip-a-zip, Boom, Bang, Pop,
Flippy, flappy, flip, flap, flop,
Orange and Purple, Rip, rap, roo,
'Rah, 'Rah, for Taylor U.

Razzle dazzle, Razzle dazzle,
Sis, boom, bah,
Taylor University,
Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah.

"Prep Yell."

Boom-a-lako, Boon-a-laka !
Boom, Boom, Baw,
I want my Mamma,
And I want my Pa.

Dreams of History

 I STORY teaches us of Thomas Jefferson, the discoverer of America, and the inventor of the monkey-wrench. He was born in the Sahara Desert in 1850, rocked in the cradle of the deep and nourished on icebergs and walruses. He was the leader of the Romans in the Boer war, defeated Napoleon in his attempt to win Ladysmith, but was not able to cope with Cleopatra in arms. At Thermopylæ he fell shouting, "England expects every man to do his duty."

History teaches us of William Nye, warranted fast color, a true son of his father. He was the author of "In Memoriam," "The Origin of the Species" and "Nursery Tales." When a mere boy he swam the Styx and discovered the North Pole. He found the Aurora Borealis to be the reflection of the hot box caused by the friction of the earth's axle, and overcame the difficulty by the application of Barker's Cattle Liniment. In 301 B. C. he invented the popgun, and built the pyramids, which were used as toboggan slides. As he had no more worlds to conquer he fell on his sword and died, and on his grave are graven his last words, "Sic semper tyrannis!"

History teaches us of Peter the Hermit, a direct descendant of Adam and the ancestor of the great reformer, Richard Croker. In early life he graduated from the Upland High School and took his Master's Degree from Oxford; his famous Gettysburg speech, delivered in his youth, won for him world wide renown. At the age of forty he entered the English Senate and introduced a bill to ostracise Hannibal; this so aroused the dreadful wrath of Achilles that a duel was fought resulting in his death. When Achilles was asked how he had done it he replied, "I did it with my little hatchet."

In Vacation

It is lonely, O, my brothers !
For no more you come and go,
Where the pine-trees nodding, whisper
All their secrets soft and low.

And the shadow moving slowly,
Glides unheeded o'er the dial;
Though each hour it measures, somewhere,
Brings a triumph or a trial.

Now the bell is swinging silent,
In the echo haunted dome,
While beyond its clear tones calling,
Far from college halls you roam.

It is lonely, O, my brothers !
Where the twilight lingers long ;
Yet your farthest steps I follow,
Through the silence with a song.

The Two Roads

Two ways lie open in life's race,
Which men tread everywhere;
'Tis idle ease, with sad disgrace,
Or toil, and triumph rare.

Think not that fortune waits on chance.
Great deeds demand great power;
If fame be our inheritance,
'Tis not won in an hour.

If life is passed and little done,
Too much was idle rest;
If we great victories have not won,
We did not do our best.

The path to honor lies along
The way of toil and care;
He who by toil would not grow strong,
Can never enter there.

Our School While It Was Fort Wayne College

By C. L. Clippinger



CAME to our Institution on the 19th of April, 1880, beginning my service then as one of its teachers. Living in Fort Wayne for a number of years, I became acquainted with some of the earlier students, and heard many stories of the first thirty years of the school. With the last twenty years I have been quite familiar.

The past is moving before me now as I write, like a panorama. I had thought of trying to recount some of these incidents for the Class Book of 1901, but time and space will not permit more than a reference to the days when Gen. Lawton was a student before our civil war, and when a part of the roof was carried off the main building (in a storm) while a young Demosthenes was speaking in his Literary Society. Neither would one book contain all the accounts of the various amusing or pathetic episodes of which I have been an eye witness, or with which my ears have been regaled. Nor would one large book suffice to narrate all the witty sayings which have provided more pleasure and health than are to be found in drug stores. Neither could one book tell of the squabbles of various kinds that once caused temporary trouble in our school life, but are now fit subjects for laughter in these times of the students' maturer judgment, and many books would not contain the memories of the kind deeds which these college days suggest.

The reunion of June the 4th, this year, will bring out many of these things, as an unusual number of the students of the days of "Auld Lang Syne" gather at the seat of Taylor University after many years of separation.

Our college has always been humble, yet the number of its successful jurists and attorneys, its physicians and ministers, its school men and women of all departments, and its high grade farmers is surprising.

Sunset

The golden sun sinks down to rest,
Toward the clouds that deck the west ;
And as the eventide draws near,
New beauties in the skies appear.

The clouds are gathering in his wake,
As if to say a last good-night;
And of his glories they partake,
While he unveils his face so bright.

Behold now bursts upon our view
A scene, the fairest of the fair;
As every purest, richest hue
Bedecks the west with colors rare.

There seems an artist in the skies,
Possessed of superhuman skill.
And lo ! he paints before our eyes,
The grandest picture, at his will.

Numbered, shifting scenes are made,
By shades and forms that come and go;
And every tint and varying shade
Touch the clouds with magic glow.

As if to stay the wondrous scene,
The sun moves slower in his flight,
And puts resplendent joy between
The glare of day and gloom of night.

The rose that spreads its crimson buds,
Is pleasing to the raptured eye ;
But here the roses of the earth
All blush upon the evening sky.

The earth would fain prolong the scene,
That spreads its luster far and wide;
While waving trees and flowing brooks,
And all the hills are glorified.

The scene is changing, the clouds are parting,
Portals of night unfold.

The sun is sinking, amid gleams of glory,
Westward thro' gates of gold.

His splendor beams upward and gilds the heavens,
Flashing across the sky.

Transcendently glorious, he gives us the rarest
Visions of mortal eye.

There's form and figure and cloud and shadow,
Each fulfilling its part.

There's purple and crimson and gold and yellow,
Blended with rarest art.

The shadows are mingling, the colors are changing,
Tokens of night appear;
The picture is dimmer, the clouds climb higher,
Darkness is drawing near.

Far above the eastern hilltop, shadows gather overhead,
Falling on the earth more gently than the evening dew is shed ;
And a quiet, peaceful stillness comes upon the balmy air,
That but adds new charm and luster to the sunset scene so fair.

Now a sad and solemn silence starts upon the human heart,
As we see the wonderous vision slowly from the west depart.
And as night soon casts her mantle over all the joys of day,
So the fairest of earth's beauties, quickly fade and pass away.

Ah, how vain is earthly glory, quickly as a fleeting breath,
Men may pass from highest honors to the sad despair of death.
But a life that's true and noble casts its golden light before,
Though it seem to set, it only rises on a fairer shore.

DEPARTMENTS



Photo by Dexheimer

The Chapel

ON THE opposite page is a picture of the Chapel. During last summer the third floor of Maria Wright Hall, which up to that time had been unfinished, was fitted up for a Chapel, and it is now the pride of the students, being the finest hall in the University. It is a large airy room with a seating capacity of five hundred, fully sufficient for all occasions. It is finished in white and furnished with new chairs. All the larger devotional meetings, besides the regular morning chapels are held there and many a soul has found it to be a veritable upper room. The Commencement Exercises, which in former years have filled all the other halls to overflowing, will be held this year in this room, and the interest in them will undoubtedly be increased because of the greater conveniences offered by our commodious chapel.



Photo by Dexheimer

The Library



THE Mooney Library had its origin in the donations of books from the literary societies and from a generous donation from Rev. Geo. Mooney, D. D., of New York, in whose honor it is named. Since the removal of the University to Upland the library has had a rapid growth. A large number of our friends have shown their interest in the institution by making donations of books and periodicals, and Dr. Mooney continues in the work of building up the library, encouraging and helping in various ways. We have now nearly five thousand bound volumes catalogued. In addition to these, we have a large number of valuable periodicals on file.

On the completion of the new Chapel Hall the old chapel room was vacated and in September 1901 became the library. It is a commodious and sunny room, comfortably seated to accommodate those who wish to study in the building or to consult books of reference.

All the books are available to students for reference; while other than special reference books may be borrowed for a limited period. No library fee is charged. Everything in connection with the library is free for the use of the students.

In addition to the general library and subordinate to it, are the department libraries. These have been formed in the Theological, Historical, Latin and German departments. The largest of these is the Historical Library, which, through the efforts of its founder, Dr. C. L. Clippinger, has increased in two years, to about three hundred volumes.

Miss Grace G. Husted was librarian for five years, followed in September 1898 by Mrs. Lillian St. John-Lewis, who still has charge.

Photo by Dexheimer



Commercial Department



THE Commercial Department of Taylor University was established in 1893. Since that time it has grown so rapidly that today it is by no means the least important of our Departments.

The effect of properly qualified young men and women on the business world, as they enter the various lines of industry can be readily appreciated by those who recall the enormous extent of the many commercial enterprises of the present.

The specific object of the Commercial Department is to provide that thorough training of young men and women so necessary for life's work in the various lines of industry and business. While in the present state of educational progress it must do more or less academic work to compensate and supply the deficiencies of the public schools, yet it is characterized throughout its Department by a business atmosphere. This aim is constantly and consciously regarded in determining the character of the instruction offered and in the selection of the instructors.

The subjects taught in the Department are those absolutely necessary to a business career, and the instruction in each branch is given with special reference to this end. Not only is the subject matter of each branch mastered, but its practical application is constantly kept in view. In pursuing any subject, its special applications and routine methods are noted, its importance developed, and its necessity in business shown. That this adds to the thoroughness and maturity of all the professional work will be evident. While in all the work thorough scholarship is the aim, this aim is strengthened, intensified, and clarified by keeping the professional end of application to practical life constantly in view.

Photo by Dexheimer



Chemical Laboratory

ON THE opposite page is a partial view of the Chemical Laboratory, which is situated in the north-east corner of the ground floor. This department, though small at its beginning, has constantly grown, and under the efficient management of the Professor in charge, has been thoroughly equipped with chemicals and apparatus necessary for all experiments.

The object of this department is to present the facts in such a way as to awaken a love for the science no less than to show its utility ; to illustrate its practical applications in the arts and to give an experimental knowledge of the properties of the leading elements and compounds ; to give the students a glimpse of "the circle of eternal change, which is the life of nature," a life whose fountain head is the sun, and whose processes we trace in both the animate and inanimate kingdoms.

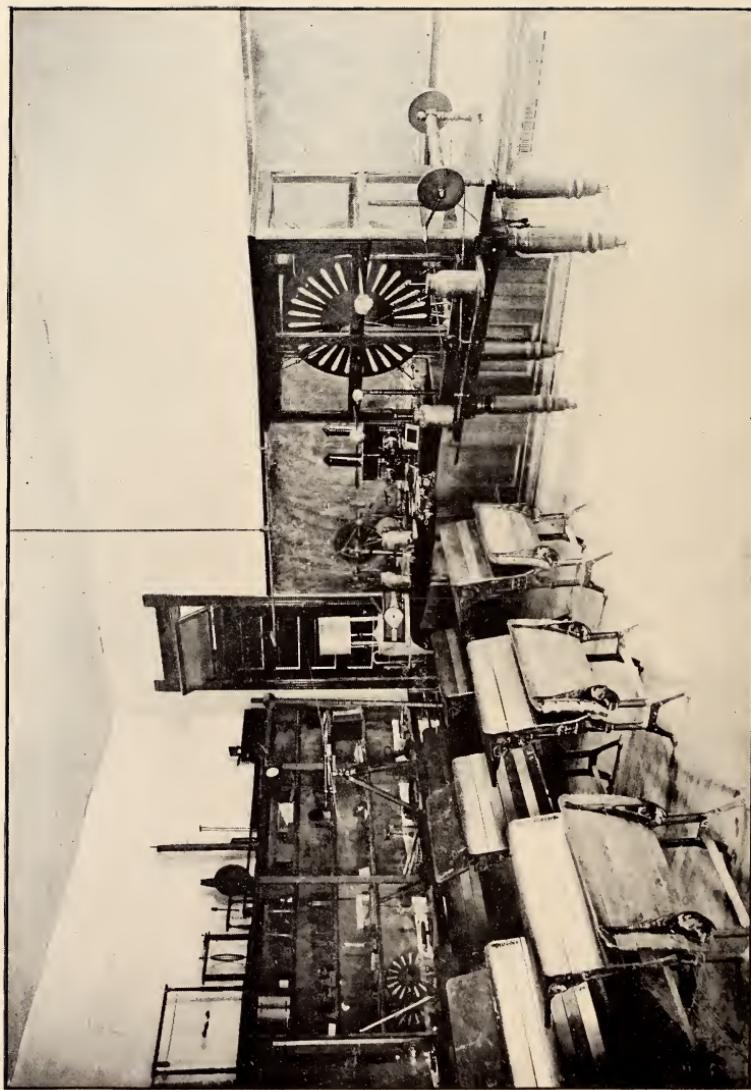


Photo by Dexheimer

Physical Laboratory

DO DEPARTMENT of the University is better supplied with the apparatus necessary for general demonstration than the Physical Laboratory and this high state of efficiency is mainly due to the mechanical genius and untiring zeal of Prof. Ward. He has had ample opportunity to display his powers and a glance at the apparatus he has made will show how faithfully he has made use of it. In connection with the Laboratory should be mentioned the machine shop, equipped with a three-horse power engine, built by the Professor, a turning lathe and other necessary tools. He has under construction at the present time a forty-light dynamo, which will provide electricity for lighting and experimental purposes. Through his efforts there has been added to the department a large stereoptican complete. Our description of the Physical Laboratory would be altogether incomplete did we neglect to mention the new Static Electrical Machine. It stands six feet high, five feet long by three feet wide. There are ten thirty-two inch plates for generating the electricity, and it is expected to give a large spark fourteen inches long. There are fifty parts in all to the machine, which is to be used in connection with X-Rays. The machine so far as it has been tried has been proved a success.

The Senior Class Farewell

At last comes the day of our parting,
With teachers and students so dear;
Unbidden, the tear-drops are starting,
As quickly our parting draws near.

How oft have we had some kind token
That strengthened affection's glad tie,
But now friendship ties must be broken,
And we must to each say good bye!

No more thru' these halls shall we wander,
As in the glad days that have passed;
But still o'er these scenes we will ponder,
And long will their memories last.

No more shall these kind students greet us,
In class-room and chapel and hall;
Yet tho' they may never more meet us,
Their kindness we oft will recall.

No more shall our teachers instruct us
With lessons inspiring and true;
Yet thoughts that they gave, will conduct us
To fountains of truth, ever new.

For parting disturbs not the treasure
Of wealth we have drawn from each friend;
And parting destroys not the pleasure
Of loving them all till life's end.

Our lives were made better and stronger
By you who lived nobly and well;
But now we can tarry no longer,
We bid you a parting farewell.

Earth's vineyard, by duty invited,
We'll enter, with kindness and love,
And toil, till at last all united,
We meet in reunion above.



MUSICAL DEPARTMENT—Photo by Dexheimer

Philalethean Prize Contest

Friday Evening, June 1, 1900

Invocation

Recitation	-	-	"The Widow's Mite"—J. P. McKeehan MAUDE WALTON
Recitation	-	-	"The Story of Patsy"—K. D. Wiggins NELLIE CAMPBELL

Music

Vocal Solo	-	-	"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry"—H. B. Vincent LILLIAN WAITE
Vocal Solo	-	-	"Abide With Me"—H. R. Shelley GRACE WIEST
Essay	-	-	"Self Control" — CARL B. FOLTZ
Essay	-	-	"The Purpose of Creation" E. S. UNDERHILL
Oration	-	-	"Love, the Greatest Need of the World" ISAAC CASSEL
Oration	-	-	"Our Pilgrimage" — C. B. SWEENEY

Music

Piano Solo	-	-	"Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6"—Franz Liszt U. M. SANABRIA
Piano Solo	-	-	"Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 3"—Franz Liszt LAURA WALTON

Debate

Resolved: "That the good elements in American Civilization predominate today over the evil."

Affirmative	-	-	ARCHIE ERICKSSON, J. D. MATTHEWS
Negative	-	-	E. F. MILLER, HERBERT BOASE

Thalonian Prize Contest

Saturday Evening, June 2, 1900, 8:00 P. M.

Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	ORCHESTRA
Invocation	-	-	-	-	-	-	CHAPLAIN
Essay	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. L. E. WRIGHT
Essay	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS DAISY KLINE
Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS DAISY VANDENBARK
Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS ESTELLA TUEMINE
Oration	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. E. M. SCHOLL
Oration	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS L. GRACE MCVICKER
Vocal Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. R. E. POGUE
Vocal Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. G. P. DOUGHERTY
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS MABELLE READE
Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS LAVINIA GOETZ
Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	ORCHESTRA

Debate

Resolved : "That circumstances justified the Porto Rican Tariff Law."

Affirmative	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. H. G. McBRIDE
Negative	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. F. W. GRESS

Decision of the Judges and Awarding of Prizes

Benediction

Washington's Birthday Program

Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	U. M. SANABRIA
Invocation	-	-	-	-	-	-	DR. C. L. CLIPPINGER
Vocal Solo	-	-	"The First Voyage"	-	-	-	MISS MARY BUCK
Oration	-	-	"Lincoln"	-	-	-	B. H. MCCOY
Selection	-	-	"Heights"	-	-	-	GLEE CLUB
Oration	-	-	"Washington"	-	-	-	PROF. S. CULPEPPER
Violin Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	PROF. W. F. KERNS
Oration	-	-	"Fraternal Relations between England and America"	-	-	-	
			HERBERT BOASE				
Selection	-	-	"Holy is the Father"	-	-	-	GLEE CLUB

Debate

Resolved : "That George Washington did more for his country than did Abraham Lincoln."

Affirmative	-	-	-	-	-	E. S. UNDERHILL, C. S. COONS
Negative	-	-	-	-	-	G. P. DOUGHERTY, H. C. McBRIDE

The Faithful Student

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through school he goes,
Something accomplished, something learned,
Secures each night's repose.

Hoping, trusting, succeeding,
He toils from day to day ;
Faithful to each allotted task,
He faints not by the way.

Cheering, bearing, consoling,
He lightens others cares ;
And stronger he each day is made,
By burdens that he bears.

Thinking, studying, reflecting,
Great thoughts his soul inspire ;
And as he studies more and more,
His life is lifted higher.

Seeking, receiving, keeping,
His Father's perfect love ;
Prepares him for the noblest life,
And for his home above.



Photo by Dexheimer

JOKES AND ROASTS

Quotations

Faculty

DR. READE—

“A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

C. L. CLIPPINGER—

“Who'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue,
Displays such distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.”

B. W. AYRES—

“His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.”

MABEL K. SEEDS—

“Whose soul sincere fears God, and knows no other fear.”

SADIE D. EBRIGHT—

“When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music.”

ARTEMUS WARD—

“Thine was the prophet's vision,
Thine the exultation,
That never falters nor abates,
That labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or, what it cannot find, creates.”

J. J. DECK—

“Accomplishments were native to his mind,
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,
And winning grace his every act refined,
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell.”

LILLIAN ST. JOHN-Lewis—

“A soul of power, a well of lofty thought,
A chastened hope that ever points to heaven.

JOHN H. SHILLING—

“ His hand unstained. Of uncorrupted heart ;
Of comprehensive head.”

W. N. SPECKMAN—

“ Friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear.”

MARY SNEAD SHILLING—

“ Soft, as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above.”

SAMUEL CULPEPPER—

“ His is a clever, pliant, winning mind,
Which knows how to avoid and overcome difficulties.”

ELVA M. KLETZING—

“ A gentle maiden, with a gentle brow,
A cheek tinged lightly, and a dove-like eye,
And all hearts bless her as she passes by.”

HARRIET MERRIN—

“ Whatsoe'er thy birth, thou wert a beautiful thought
And softly bodied forth.”

DAVID S. DUNCAN—

“ What he lacks in size below he hath above.”

ATLIE PERCY—

“ But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great.”

F. W. KERNS—

“ Anon through every pulse sweet music stole,
And held sublime communion with his soul.”

Students

ED. SHARER—

Confound it all, who says I have bowlegs?

BOASE—

I'll argue it out on this line if it takes all summer.

MISS BUCK—

Oh, she would sing the savageness out of a bear.

STEMEN—

What a fine man hath your tailor made you.

ERICKSSON—

He brayeth as Balaam's " horse ; " verily as a lion.

DOUGHERTY—

He used to tell me in his boastful way,
How he had broke the hearts of pretty girls.

IRELAN—

Confusion here has made his masterpiece.

MISS QUILLEN—

Heart on her lips, and sould within her eyes.

THE MARRIED MEN—

Let husbands know their wives have sense like them.

KIRBY—

Happy is this, he is not so old but he may learn.

MCBRIDE—

Then he talks, good gods, how he does talk.

MISS MORTON—

Charming, sweet and twenty-eight.

PATRICK—

That fellow seems to possess one idea and that is a wrong one.

MISS TAYLOR—

Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.

HAGLAND—

With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchs.

SCHOLI.—

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument.

MISS READER—

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

HUDSON—

He, of their wicked ways,
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness.

JOHN GROFF—

Men may come and men may go, but I'm in school forever.

VOLZ—

Strive still to be a man before your mother.

LEWIS—

Love was to his impassioned soul,
Not as with others, a mere part
Of the existence, but the whole,
The very life breath of the heart."

DICKEY—

Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books.

MISS WIEST—

With down cast eyes and modest grace.

ASAY—

Born so, no doubt.

WOODRING—

I would advise that thou shift a shirt.

SANABRIA—

Is there a heart his music cannot melt?

KIGER—

You would doubt his sex, and take his for a girl.

MISS KERR—

Three score and ten I can remember well.

NUTTING—

Conceit personified and sawed off.

ARCHITECT—

Noted not for words, but good qualities.

BYSHE—

The earth did shake when I was born.

WICKLAND—

You would think it thundered when he laughed.

J. W. EVAUL—

When found, make note of.

SENIORS—

It is no task for suns to shine.

JUNIORS—

Youths to fortune and to fame unknown.

SOPHOMORES—

These fellows are wise enough to play the fool.

FRESHMEN—

Like a brook, noisy, but shallow.

THEOLOGUES—

Like brakemen, they do a good deal of coupling.

SPeicher
LenHart
Wlest
HoLly
IrelAn
WaLton
SnEad
KleTzing
BysHe
MErrin
ReAder
UNderhill

HILBERS—

Most wise, most learned, most everything.

BRISCOE—

What a beard thou didst have, thou hadst more hair on thy chin than Dobin, my fill horse has on her tail.

KENDALL—

Full well they laugh at all his counterfeited yarns.

HICKS—

To hear him sing you would believe a mule was practicing recitative.

KERNS—

Just give him time, he'll say it after a while.

SICKLE—

An imposition on nature—especially girls.

CLARK—

As idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean.

RIVERA—

(his mustache.) So slow. The growth of what is excellent.

McCov—

Words have wings, and as soon as their cage—the mouth—is opened —out they fly—big as houses.

UNDERHILL—

Minds by nature great, are conscious of their greatness.

TOWNSHEND—

When I cannot sleep for cold, I rub my hair and start a fire.

EberharT

DougHerty

EvAul

BeLt

McCoy

KliNe

McBride

PAlmer

WatsoN

BRACKNEY—

What a medley is this.

MISS HETTLESATER—

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.

EBERHART—

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet.

MISS LONG—

She has two strings to her bow.

DAY—

True as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun.

GRESS—

He is a locomotive in trousers.

MCDOUGAI,—

Men are but children of a larger growth.

SPEICHER—

What orators want in depth they give in you in length.

TRUITT—

Quite a hardy little boy, just loose from his mother's apron strings.

FOLTZ—

One vast substantial smile.

STREHLI—

Whoever saw the maiden yet who could resist his charms.

DUNCAN—

History makes some amends for the shortness of his legs.

MEREDITH—

Alas he is too young, but time cures all things.

MILLER—

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning (?) lies.

THE WAITERS—

They also serve who only stand and wait.

LENHART—

I am not in the roll of common men.

BELT—

And like a crane, his neck was long and fine.

MISS BRYANT AND ——————

Ye gods, annihilate but time and space, and make two lovers happy.

COONS—

He that hath a wife and child, needs not business.

GIRLS OF THE DORM., BOTH OLD AND YOUNG—

Oh, girls, lovely girls!

Nature made you to temper man;

We had been brutes without you.

Angels are painted fair to look like you.

KIBBY—

A most fine figure.

WOODAIL—

As learned as the wild Irish are.

Field Day at Taylor University

Judges for Contest on Field Day

PROF. SPECKMAN

WICKLAND

KIBBY

Referee—Marshal Nickerson

One Mile Race

J. K. STAGE	- - - - -	2 min., 13 5-6 sec.
C. D. HICKS	- - - - -	3 hrs., 14 7/8 sec.

Standing High Jump

ARCHIE ERICKSSON	-	Disappeared from sight and has never been seen
O. W. BRACKNEY	- - -	Failed to get his feet off the ground

One-Mile Walk

E. F. KIRBY

NELLIE WARR

This race resulted in a premature tie. Time, Dec. 20, 1900

Catching Greased Pig

MCDougall	- - - - -	Winded at ten yards
PERCY	- - - - -	Greased his fingers and quit
McCoy	- - - - .	Could'nt catch the pig up an alley

440 Yards Dash

SCHOLL	- - - - -	85 1/8 sec.
KERNS (circular motion)	- - - - -	5 hrs.

Pole Vault

SNEAD	- - - - -	Vaulted over the college tower
LEWIS	- - - - -	Follows suit and lights in Ericksson's shoes

By These Words Ye Shall Know Them

LOVELESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Well Glory
UNDERHILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	It's this way
PROF. CLIPPINGER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Be a littlt more reasonable, gentlemen
COONS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Let me tell you, fellows
SCHOLL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Oh, fake
LEWIS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	What the world needs is moral heroism
KERNS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Do-gon-it
HICKS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	According to Josephus
PROF. WARD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Anything new?
DUNCAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Aw, Gwan
MISS READER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Oh D-e-a-r
ERICKSSON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Exactly so
BYSHE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Is that so?
PROF. DICK	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Now therefore, consequently
PALMER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	And so forth
KIGER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	That's a forgone conclusion
IRELAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Oh, chestnuts
GRESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	'Tis very true, but—
KENDALL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Let me tell you a story
MISS BUCK	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Oh, shoot!

H y m e n e a n C l u b

or

Sacred Order of Water Carriers

*SHILLING—Chief Knot-Tier
COONS—Head Persuader*

HERRINGTON

FOLTZ

GRAHAM

HUDSON

HOLLY

Sick List

PATRICK

KELLER

RICHEY

Initiated

LOVELESS

ASAY

POGUE

HUDSON

LEWIS

KIRBY

Novitiates

BRISCOE

HILL

McCOY

MCBRIDE

METZ

EBERHART

MILLER

FOLTZ

Candidates for First Degree

SANABRIA

HILBERS

SCHWARTZKOPF

NICKERSON

KIGER

PERCY

Would-Be's

ERICKSSON

SCHOLL

S. EVAUL

KERN'S

Backsliders

KENDALL

BYSHE

UNDERHILL

Incorrigibles

LENHART

DOUGHERTY

HARPER

DUNCAN

GRESS

IRELAN

Quails and Hunters

BRYANT	HILBERS
BUCK	? ? ?
PITTENGER	PERCY
TAYLOR	METZ
JONES	KIGER
WIEST	McCoy
JONES	ERICKSSON
RICHER	MEREDITH
? ? ?	IRELAN
SCHOLL	SCHOLL
KERR	"JOSEPHUS"
KLETZING	DOUGHERTY
READER	UNDERHILL
MERRIN	NOBODY
"MARION"	DUNCAN
ANYBODY	SICKEL
HETTLESATER	BRACKNEY

Imperial Order of Bolters

SIBERT	CLARK	WOODRING
TRUITT	STEMEN	EBERHART
WILLIAMS		DICKEY

The Twelve Tables of the Law

1. You shall not cut your classes.
2. You shall not expectorate upon the college floor.
3. You shall not scatter paper upon the college campus.
4. You shall not sequester library books for your own use, for the eye of the Saint is upon you.
5. You shall not covet your room-mate's girl, neither his water pitcher, nor his collar button.
6. You shall not meander during study hours, for verily the Dean's specs have a long focus.
7. You shall not bear false witness against your friend to get a stand-in with your Prof.
8. Five days you shall labor and do all your work, but the sixth day is Saturday, on it you shall do no work, neither you, nor your girl, nor your room-mate, nor your room-mate's girl, nor your broom, nor any friend who desires to borrow your dustpan.
9. Honor your President and pay court to your faculty that your days may be long in the college.
10. You shall not waste your time on the base ball field, neither shall you wear our your shoe upon the pigskin.
11. You shall not forget your girl at home, for surely the college girl is a fickle girl and after commencement will straightway forget you.
12. You shall not have any other college before you, for verily Taylor is a glorious college and will bring to you both honor and fame.

Wanted

To know if the public will laugh at our jokes—*Gem*.

To know if Palmer uses soda on his hair.

To know if Mr. Sanabria wants a microscope to examine his mustache.

To know how many students will succumb to the matrimonial epidemic.

To know if I will be roasted in the Class Book—*Miss Jones*.

Instructions on how to appear dignified in public—*Irelan*.

To know if my ability is appreciated at its full value—*A. C. Snead*.
(We assure you, yes—*Editors*.)

To know how much of me is wind and conceit and how much is
Woodring—*Woodring*.

NOTE—Drop a nickle in the slot and test it.

My opinions respected—*Briscoe*.

To know why Truitt could'nt keep from Laugh(1)in.

Beefsteak—Dormitory students.

A rest—*Scholl*.

A phonograph in order to give my mouth a rest—*E. B. Foltz*.

CALENDAR

S e p t e m b e r

11. Windstorm.
12. Coons becomes a papa. Miller takes rooms in the McVicker Block.
19. McDougall takes agency to solicit boarders for the dining hall.
18. Morrison's name announced in chapel; Miss Reeves blushes.
20. Shilling presents claims of the University Register.
21. Prayer Band holds first business session.
22. Prophets hold first meeting. Metz goes tailoring.
24. New well started on campus.
25. Lecture course announced in chapel.
27. Prohibition Rally—Wooley Club organized. Mr. Hodge goes home on account of illness.
28. Mr. Irelan garrisons Dormitory with Cimex lectularius artillery.
29. Well down six inches.

O c t o b e r

1. New barrel of crackers arrives at the Dorm.
Blockade immediately declared.
3. Miss James solves a problem for Mr. Boase.
4. Glee Club organized.
5. No milk at breakfast—pump stopped running.
6. Mr. Evaul escorts Miss Reader to Society—Mr. Underhill hot under the collar.
7. Miller begins taking meals at the new Jones mansion.
8. Mr. Seymour has a stroke of paralysis.
9. Mr. Roberts able to attend classes.
10. Rural mail delivery established.
Conflagration in ladies' Dormitory—hose hung up to dry.
12. Smith says he feels the need of company.
13. Well moved one foot towards the North.
15. Prof. Ayers delivers a lecture on "Public Schools vs. The Saloon."
16. Truitt shakes hands with Bryan at Marion.
17. Prof. Ward delivers a lecture.
18. Rev. Maxwell delivers his brilliant (?) lecture.
21. Truitt catches a Minnie.
Prof. Culpepper begins to cultivate a mustache.
26. Mr. O. L. Stark visits Miss Kletzing. Arbor Day. Party goes to the river—takes several spoons.
31. Hallowe'en party at Dormitory—Night-shirt parade.

N o v e m b e r

1. Eberhart goes hunting—gets a Buck.
2. Big debate in Gen. History Class—Ericksson explodes.
3. Dean has his eyes tested.
4. Ericksson says he won't debate any more.
5. Holly makes a political speech.
6. Election day—heavy vote cast.
7. It snowed today. Bryan can't be found.
8. Hilbers done up. Fought all night with the Cimex Lectularia.
10. Schiller Verein renders first program.
11. Missionary sermon in chapel—\$72 collected.
12. Students go to Hartford to hear Prof. DeMotte.
13. Mr. Byshe escorts a young lady home from the Spanish class reception. Result—Rain.
14. Red letter day. Prof. Ward gets his hair cut.
16. Scholl relates his Captain Kid experience.
17. McCoy soliloquizes—a cottage or an education, which?
18. Boers conquered for twenty-sixth time.
19. Harper talks of studying art—general consternation in the Art Department.
24. Opening of the Art Department.
27. Duncan's Sunday boarding house changes its location.
29. Thanksgiving Day.

D e c e m b e r

1. Prof. Ward's rooster disappears.
2. Mr. Sanabria loses his ring.
3. Prof. Kerns gets a new hat.
5. The lost ring found by Miss Mabel Hursh.
6. Students become interested in the St. Lewis Mutual Admiration League.
7. Miss Todd, of China, lectures in the church.
8. Kirby gets his marriage license.
12. Miss Kerr walks with a man.
14. Kendall makes a date.
15. Mr. Kendall backs out.
18. Underhill loses his straw hat.
19. School closes—students go home.
21. Mr. Kirby ends the Warr.
25. Great feast at the Dormitory.
28. University ship receives a new Deck.

J a n u a r y

2. School opens. Large attendance.
3. Miss Kerr smiles at Mr. Kendall.
4. German table organized at the Dormitory,
5. Gas plays out at the Pittenger mansion. Percy comes home early.
6. Measels appear at the Ward mansion.
7. Mr. Scholl tries to get a Long.
8. Scarlet fever among the Neighbors—Gress gets quarantined.
9. Senior class elects officers.
12. Hicks hoes his mustache.
14. Students' Volunteer Band organized.
15. Meredith tries his nerve.
16. Conwell lectures on "Acres of Diamonds."
22. Miss St. John exhibits a new ring.

Dr. Reade lectures on "The Hymns We Sing." Adam and Laura attend.

31. Day of prayer for colleges—McCoy and Miss Wiest eat pancakes at the Snead mansion.

F e b r u a r y

4. Lenhart starts a moustache.
6. Dr. Oldham lectures on "Problems of the Twentieth Century."
7. Chapel commences at 8:15. Dr. Oldham talks to the students.
9. Duncan goes to Marion to see about the Class-book (?) Dean lectures on social relations.
12. Henson lectures on "Fools," many attend.
13. Seniors have a rousing class meeting.
14. Miller gets orders to attend chapel.
15. Prof. Ward makes connection with the outer world by having a telephone put in his house.
17. Patrick gets his hair cut.
18. Debate in Gen. History class.
20. Truitt partakes of a loaded sandwich—is missed from his classes.
21. Lenhart parts with the fuzz on his upper lip.
22. Birthington's Washday
23. Committee gets its picture taken.
25. Metcalf appears with the washable surface of his physiognomy considerably reduced.
26. The faculty increased by three-members—Baker, Butler, Seamstress.
27. Miller hires out as water-carrier for Dr. Reade's secretary.
28. Fire in boys' Dorm. General commotion all over the campus.

M a r c h

1. Lecture a fizzle.
2. McCoy says the "Gem" is a fake.
3. Woodruff goes to "Warr."
4. Brackney puts down a red mark on his calendar.
5. Coons says we are not going to write a class book on Theology.
6. "Pa" Miller brings Gertrude a ring.
7. McCoy threatens to whip the Editors if they roast him.
8. Prof. Clippinger announces a crusade against "the monstrous paper."
9. Clark and Woodring clean out their room—and the pump broke.
10. Woodruff gets a dishonorable discharge from the "Warr."
11. Great earthquake—Miss Bryant sits down on walk.
13. Prof. announces the usual withdrawal of the lecture.
15. The Art teacher chaperons Mr. Dougherty to the Riley Impersonation Entertainment.
18. Prof. Ward lectures—Morrison gets married.
20. Miss Long and Mr. Palmer have a forty-five minute consultation with Dean. Temperature "hot."
21. Duncan sets out for Indianapolis—Spends the night at Marion.
26. Scholl gets a letter from Flossie. Takes a bath and gets his hair cut.
28. Athletic Association organized.
30. Gress goes to Chicago—School suspends operations.

April

1. Irelan sends Keiler to the Dean, and Nutting goes to town for a letter.
3. Rev. Weist talks to students. McCoy wears a broad smile for a week.
4. Rev. Anderson lectures on "A Bee in a Whirlwind."
5. Rev. Fish lectures on "Misfits."
6. A general tired feeling prevails.
7. Mrs. Keller preaches in chapel.
9. Duncan wants to know how long the class speeches are to be.
10. Holly and (Hilbers) go to conference.
12. Col. Bain lectures in Hartford City on "The New Woman and the Old Man."
14. Kendall seeks admission to the "Bar"—Rejected.
16. The Dean announces that he is waiting for a man to turn-up.
20. Palmer makes a long pilgrimage.
21. Hocker engages in revival services in Marion.
25. Prohibition contest.
26. Kerns shaves.

M a y

2. New platform built around the pump.
3. Sanabria gets tired and starts march in chapel.
4. Crowd goes botanizing.
5. Scholl tries to pass a crowd and gets stuck in the mud.
6. Lecture in chapel. Dean admits he is mortal.
7. Prof. Ward takes a photograph of his "Infantry."
9. Stage gets a new supply of "Grace."
10. Duncan conducts chapel services.
11. Ward children get their heads shingled.
Clark and Watson get "pie-us."
13. Rev. Swadener lectures on "The Parsons' Philosophy of Life."

Observatory painted.

14. Revival services begin.
16. Cyclone struck the college. Speicher returns.
17. Rev. McLaughlin makes an address to the students.
19. Hocker gets lonesome—goes to Marion.
24. Revival services close.
30. Decoration Day—big time.

Special

31. Thalonian Prize Contest.

J u n e

1. Philaletheian Contest.
2. Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. J. M. Bedford.
3. Field Day—Fizzie—Cantata.
4. Class Day. Almuni, Banquet and general contest.
5. Graduating Exercises—a rainstorm.

Those Dormitory Girls

Oh, those dormitory girls,
Pretty girls,
How they catch the hearts of Freshies, with their curls.
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
From the early morn till night,
While the classes are in session,
And Profs practice their profession,
With an exquisite delight.

Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
With the trifling conversation that so musically whirls,
From the girls, pretty girls, lovely girls, charming girls,
Rosy, red cheeked, gay, light hearted, college girls.

Hear the grumbling of the girls,
Sleepy girls,
What a storm of misery now, this talkativeness hurls,
In the startled air of night,
How they yell out, "Oh, be quiet!"
Now too sleepy to chime in,
They can only bear and grin,
Out of fix.

In a sleepy-like appealing for deliverance from the rest,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and noisy best.

But the noise mounts higher, higher,
As if in a wild desire,
And resolute endeavor,
To drive from eyes forever,
Blessed sleep.

How they talk and laugh and roar,
What confusion they outpour,
On the bosom of the palpitating air.
Yet the hearer fully knows,
From the wrangling,
And the jangling,

How the excitement ebbs and flows,
By the sinking and the swelling in the talking of the girls.

A Case of the Blues

Oh, a case of the blues is the saddest thing out,
It is three times as bad as the grip;
You feel angry and cross and you mope and you pout;
And you fancy you'll soon go the trip.

If you're married you wish you were single again,
If you're single you want you a wife;
You couldn't be happy and act like a man,
No, you couldn't to save your own life.

If others are pleasant, you're not pleased at that,
Because you are feeling so blue;
You'd rather get angry and quarrel and spat,
Than anything else you can do.

Oh, your feelings are cross and contrary and sad,
And your heart is as heavy, as heavy as stone;
If your friends come about you it makes you half mad,
And you don't feel much better alone.

If you're living in town you would like to get out,
Where you wouldn't be seen for a week;
There you think you'd enjoy a good, old fashioned pout,
Where none would disturb your mad freak.

Strange you never could tell the manner or way,
By which the sad malady came;
You don't know whether by night or by day,
But it gets there you know, all the same.

You think this old world is all barren and bare,
Without a sweet flower in sight;
You think that this life is all sorrow and care,
And nothing but darkness and night.

I can keep sort o' calm in a dark thunder storm,
No matter how loudly it roars;
I can hump up my back in a soaking rain storm,
No matter how swiftly it pours.

I can live pretty well in a set of earthquakes,
If they don't move the earth out of place;
I can run from torpedos and lizards and snakes.
But when Blues come I'm not in the race.

Then give me whatever may be my sad fate;
Yes, give me whatever you chose;
But oh, I beseech you by all that is great,
Don't give me a case of the Blues!



UNIVERSITY SCHEDULE

NAME	Age	Favorite Occupation	Engaged	Expect to be Bishop	Nick-Name	Future Occupation
BOASF	Man-age	Arguing	Ought-to-be	Yes	Hobose	Circus Rider
BRACKNEY	Pass-age	Playing Prof.	Got Left	"	Brack	Pill-Maker
CLARK	Ramp-age	Doing Nothing	Too Young	"	Punn	" ? ?
DOUGHERTY	Pill-age	Blowing	In the Market	"	Doc	Stoker
EVAIL	Old-age	Growing Whiskers	Waiting for a Chance	"	Sam	Orator
FOLTZ	Marriage	Chewing the Rag	Yes, but not for Life	"	None	Pater Familiar
GROFF	Dot-age	Grinding	Don't Know	"		Capitalist
KENDALL	Press-age	Telling Stories	Ask Miss K—	"	Bishop	Sliding Elder
LENHART	Umbrage	Taking it Easy	Never	"	Len	Judge
MORRISON	May-age	Everything	You Bet	"	Fritz	Locust Preacher
MCBRIDE	Fool-age	Bluffing	Yes, But —	"	Mack	Fakir
ERICKSSON	Break-age	Kicking	Tried to be	"	Archie	Editor
SCHOLL	Fleece-age	Snipe Hunting	Ask Him	"	Saur Kraut	Book Agent

The Fire

PART ONE—AT THE COLLEGE

A great commotion in the College hall and a rapidly increasing uproar called for the Dean's attention. Just then cries of fire began to be heard, the old bell pealed a fast, wild alarm. A hatless, breathless throng of Preps. Theologians, headed by Professors Shilling and Ward, closely followed by the staid old collegians, poured from the building and rushed pell-mell toward the boys dormitory. All classes made a hasty adjournment.

PART TWO—AT THE FIRE

Smoke and fire were belching forth from McCoy and Brackney's room, and the crackling flames seemed to sound the death knell of the old Dorm. Yelling, eager, frightened students ran hither and thither, some doing one thing, some another, very few knowing what they were doing. Pans, pails and buckets appeared as if by magic. A score of men began working at the fire. The inmates of the building were in a panic. "Can't save anything, boys," yelled Underhill, as he threw away a pailful of dirty water and ran to get some clean. Kerns with characteristic wisdom threw his clock and violin out of the window and rushed down stairs tenderly carrying a pillow. "Let me at it," cried Woodall, as he dashed toward the fire with a tin cup full of water. "Ache, Himmel, Donner and Blitzen!" muttered Schwarzkopf, as he struggled out under a load of bed clothes, while Rivera and Sanabria with terror on their faces, pantingly rushed down stairs yelling, "Caramba, look out!" and began throwing shoes, hats and other articles of wearing apparel promiscuously among the crowd. Duncan rushing up stairs to the fire with eager haste, and getting a stream of water in the neck and a shower of old shoes and rubbers on his head, says, "I gness I'm not wanted," and goes back. Retz claps the climax by throwing his trunk out of a second story window, narrowly missing Woodring, who was climbing out of a window below; and Sickel, near the fire, throws a bucket of water all over Dougherty and cries, "All out!" Fire is quickly extinguished through the efforts of our "heroes" urged on by the smiles of the ladies, and the world soon forgets the awful conflagration and holocaust. (The number of fatalities has not been ascertained).

A Modern Thanatopsis

To him who is in love with a college girl,
And holds communion with her Sunday nights,
She speaks a various language; in the early hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his timid musings with a mild,
Yet winning sympathy, and steals away
His shyness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the lateness of the hour come like a blight
Over his spirit, and the sad images
Of the stern professors, and number twelve,
And awful Faculty, and its stern rebuke,
Make him to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Brace up, thou fearful youth, and list
To the Seniors teachings, who've been all the rounds.
Drop all your cares, for through the balmy air
Comes her sweet voice: “ Yet a few days and thee,
The all-beholding Dean, shall see no more
In all his course, nor on the campus ground,
Where thy dark form was seen for many an eve;
Nor on the college boardwalk shall you walk
In terror. The college that nourished us shall rent,
A home, in fact, a blissful cottage home.
Yet not in this enchanted home
Shalt thou exist alone, nor couldst thou wish
A home more magnificent—nor shalt thou sit
With Preps. the monarchs of the infant world,
Nor Seniors, the powerful of the world,—the wise, the good—
Nor Sophs., nor Theologs., so prim and nice,
All seated in the dining hall. The dining hall
Shall lose their smiling faces;
The hash, review, bean soup and beef shall be,
To thee mere nightmares of a gloomy past.
So shalt thou live. And what if thou withdraw
In silence from the Dorm, and no friend take
Note of thy departure. Every man shall wish for a like destiny.
So act, that when the bell at ten shall ring

And you join that innumerable crowd, that moves,
From the enchanting realm, where each must say
His fond good night to her he thinks he loves,
Thou go not like the flunker to his class,
With stammering tongue and fluttering heart,
But sustained and soothed by my sweet words,
Go to thy room, like one
Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.



Typical Committee Meeting

Duncan's Room at 7:00 p. m.

7:00 Duncan and Gress occupy their usual chairs and Underhill stretches himself on the bed.

Duncan—"Say fellows, we want to get down to work tonight and do something. We've got to hustle and get this thing through. Shall we work on jokes or patch up those ten commandments tonight?"

Gress—"Let's make some poetry."

Underhill—"Where on earth are Byshe and Coons?"

Cress—"Oh! Byshe is always late and Coons went after some milk for the baby."

Coons (rushing in says)—"Hey, what are you doing?"

Duncan—"I guess we'll finish up that 'Modern Thanatopsis.'" To Byshe coming in, "What, are you here?"

Byshe—"I got here as soon as I could, boys. Had some pressing business on hand."

Duncan,—"Come on, let's get to work."

McCoy puts his head in at the door and says—"If you fellows roast me I pity you, I don't believe you'll get out a book anyhow."

All the Editors—"Get out of here, we're busy."

Duncan—"Well, what was the last line we had? Here it is—'And you join that innumerable crowd that moves, What will we have next?'"

Silence for two minutes, Byshe, Cress and Coons all get an inspiration at the same time—result, a Babel ending in a sputter.

Coons—"Here it is fellows—'That moves with unsettled equilibrium through the back door out into ethereal space and—'"

Underhill—"Pshaw, do you call that poetry? Let's think more and talk less. Two minutes of thinking are better than an hour of talking."

Duncan—"Well I wish you fellows would quit talking and get to work."

Byshe—"I can't think out any of that stuff tonight, let's get out something solid, there is too much nonsense already."

Coons—"Well, you don't think this is going to be an Encyclopedia or book of sermons, do you? Let's fix up some good roasts."

Duncan—"Who will we roast?"

General jargon, everybody talking at once.

Byshe—"Let's roast Miss Seeds."

Gress—"Oh, no; let's roast Irelan."

Underhill—"No, he's too old to roast."

All (together)—"Let's fix Kendall."

Coons—"Oh, we can't roast him, he won't go with the girls."

Underhill—"Hasn't had the nerve since he was thirteen—neither has Byshe."

Duncan—"Your jokes are about as pointed as the Dean's lectures."

Coons—"Where's that poem Palmer sent in?"

Gress—"Here it is."

Byshe—"Let's hear it." (reads):

A little bird sat on a fence,
A toothpick in its paw,
It calmly sat and picked its teeth.
And calmly wiped its jaw.'

Coons—"That's excellent, we'll give that the first page."

Underhill (from the bed)—"How would this joke do for Miss Merrin?"

All (together)—"What is it? Let's hear it."

Underhill—"Culpepper says, 'Since I became a man I have put away childish things.'"

Byshe—Oh, no, that's too rough."

Coons—"I havn't any inspiration tonight, walked the floor last night with the boy."

Duncan—"That no joke."

Underhill—"How do you know?" (General laughter).

Gress—"Let's go home. I haven't my oration finished yet."

Duncan—"Yes, I wish you fellows would go, I am tired."

Underhill—"Yes, last night was Sunday night and you didn't have to leave the League like I in order to get home by ten. Lucky dog."

Byshe—"When and where will we meet?"

Coons—"Where the swallow never flieth, and the woodbine twineth not."

Duncan—"Well, gentlemen, here are your hats, what is your hurry?
Good night."

Exit quartette singing, "We'll not be home till morning."

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GIRL STUDENT—“ Hic, Hack, Hoc ; Hugus, Hugus, Hugus— !

Mr. Boase blushed, and other gentlemen examined their biceps.

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A Joke

PROF. WARD—In chemistry class—“ Why is a rusty nail like a steer? ”
Silence.

MR. NICKERSON—“ W-e-l-l, I don’t know. What is it? ”

PROF.—“ Because, because both are covered with ox(h)ide. ”

DUNCAN—Say, Irelan, how can I stop this toothache.

IRELAN—“ Well, you can either have it pulled, or fill your mouth with water and sit on the stove till it boils. ”

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MR. LEWIS—"I would make a dash after you." (He did it.)

McCov—"Brackney went to a private hop the other night, do you know it?"

NEWCOMBE—"How's that?"

McCov—"He stepped on a tack."

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MR. MILLER—"Well, distance lends enchantment to the view."

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